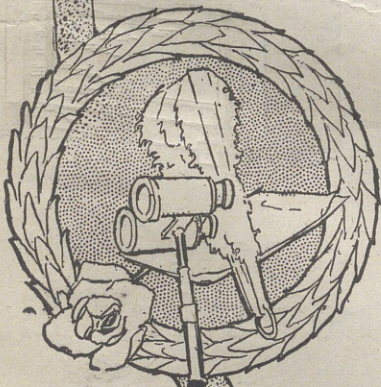
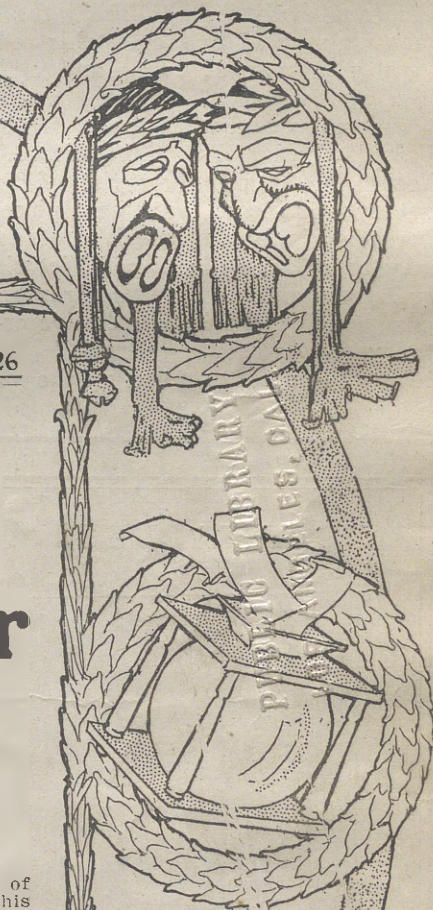
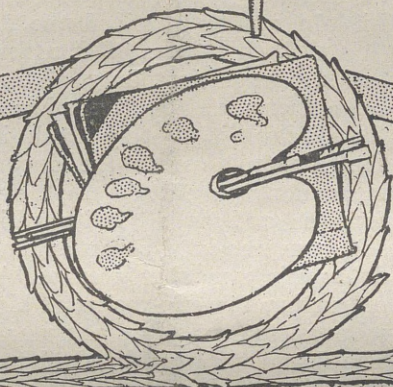


Graphic



VOL. XXVIII Los Angeles, Cal., May 30, 1908. No. 26



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Reminiscences of Andy Johnson - V

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

Among the great "War Democrats" of the rebellion and reconstruction periods, besides Johnson and Forney, Logan and Butler, and scores of others, was George Bancroft, the eminent historian, who not only stood steadfastly by Mr. Lincoln when Chase and Schurz, Greeley and Hamlin, and others, were plotting against him in 1864-5, but also stood nobly by President Johnson in 1865-8, when all those Senators and Congressmen who had planned to turn the seceding states into territories, attempted to ruin him by impeachment and disunion, and other methods. This is the Bancroft who pronounced the official eulogy of the assassinated President before Congress, and who had twenty years previously delivered the funeral oration on Andrew Jackson before the same body. And this is the Bancroft who maintained to the last his redoubtable loyalty toward Johnson, and claimed for him what Senator Sherman has admitted in his memoirs, and what the whirligig of time has slowly but surely confirmed. It has been said by some essayist of Bancroft's eulogy on Lincoln that "as a piece of writing it is highly characteristic of Bancroft—moving at times with a mid-Victorian pomp, and again with a nervous vigor and quickness which make it as effective when read today as it was when heard." In a letter to Mrs. Bancroft penned on the very night

of its delivery her husband says: "The glorious thing was that part of my speech, when in enumerating the opinions of Lincoln the Radicals would applaud vehemently at one passage, and the friends of Johnson at another, and so it went on for several sentences. It was like touching the different keys of a piano; each would send its note at the touch."

I have thus approached this subject in order to dwell on a recent discovery by Prof. William A. Dunning of Columbia University which has brought to light the curious fact that Bancroft's words, though not his voice, had on a very important occasion about nine weeks before the delivery of the Lincoln oration received the careful attention of both Houses of Congress. The occasion was the reading of Andrew Johnson's first message, December 4, 1865, and the discovery, entirely fresh in 1905, was that Bancroft wrote the document. There is no doubt about the fact, nor about the surprise and delight with which the message was received as an evidence either of Johnson's own ability or of his wisdom in entrusting the expression of his views to so wise a statesman as, presumably, Seward. The discoverer was disposed to find the explanation of Johnson's act in entrusting so important a function to Bancroft in "a consideration of Bancroft's political past and

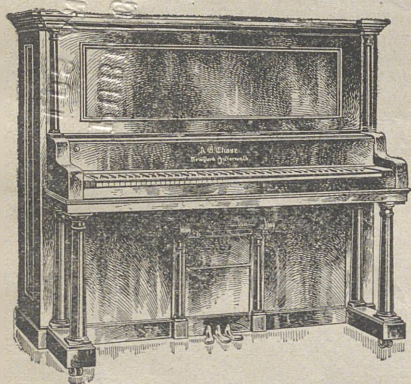
in Johnson's project for a political future." In other words, the unwavering Democrat of unwavering faith in the Union and the Constitution seemed to the Johnson of 1865 the ideal vehicle of his views. The wonder is not only that the two men could keep their secret so well at the time, but that for forty years it remained hidden from the many careful students of the period.

When one learns this long hidden fact one can understand why the office of Collector of Boston was tendered to Bancroft early in 1867, and why it, when declined, was followed by an offer of the post of Minister to Berlin, which was gladly accepted, and in which Bancroft was retained by President Grant until 1874. No man in the United States was so well fitted as Bancroft to represent our government at Berlin, but Prof. Dunning is right in deeming it a matter of curious speculation whether Bancroft would have been confirmed by the Senate in 1867 or continued in office by Grant in 1869 if it had been known that he was the author of Andrew Johnson's first annual message.

It was to this Prof. Dunning that the writing of the twenty-second volume of the "History of the American Nation" (The Reconstruction Period) was entrusted—and he has done his work well, according to all the eminent book reviewers in the United

(Continued on Page 6)

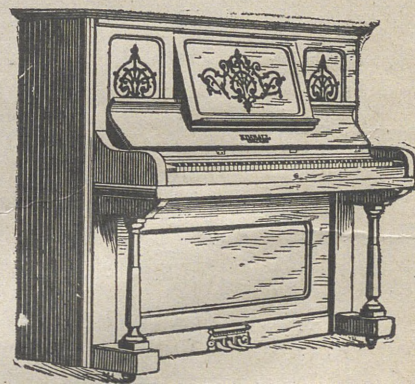
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Matters of Moment

Signs of Money Relief.

With call money in New York as low as $1\frac{1}{4}$ and $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent and with short term loans only a shade higher, with mercantile paper ranging around $3\frac{1}{2}$ and 4 per cent, there is no doubt that the eastern banks are choked with money. The Los Angeles banks are shown by the last statements to have from thirty to nearly fifty per cent of their deposits on hand, either in cash or cash items. Time loans are still obtainable only at rather stiff rates, in spite of this glut of money. Even a cursory examination of the money market shows that funds are not to be had, except on exceedingly unfavorable rates for the borrower, for bonds and securities of absolute merit.

The disparity in interest rates between short term loans and on investments is too great to last. An abnormal condition like this cannot continue. Sooner or later, the mass of money now available at low rates for short time loans must be attracted by the higher rates offered in permanent investments.

Indications are that this readjustment will begin immediately after the National Conventions have adjourned. While there is little question of the action of both conventions, the actuality has not been discounted by the money-lending class. When Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan are formally made the candidates of the two parties, then bankers, generally, will begin to set their sails as if the ballots had been actually counted.

The Fore-Ordained Taft.

The Republican national convention at Chicago is only two weeks distant. The "field" has been distanced by the favorite, and, unless some totally unforeseen accident occurs, William H. Taft will gallop past the winning post, with the rest "nowhere." Under direct instructions from state conventions or under resolutions of preference, 563 out of the 988 delegates will vote for Taft on the first ballot. The present prospect is that the favorite sons of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Indiana will be yielded to the Taft sacrifice after a single

vote has been recorded in their favor, and that Taft will receive a practically unanimous nomination on the second or third ballot.

It appears that the readiness of Republican leaders such as Senators Aldrich, Hale, Allison and Crane and Representatives Payne and Sherman of New York, Tawney of Minnesota and Smith of Iowa to enlist under the Taft banner is inspired by the fear lest, if any serious opposition to Taft develops in Chicago, the dreaded name of Roosevelt may be raised and the convention be stampeded by its magic. To eliminate the danger of this catastrophe—for such it would be, in the eyes of these Republican leaders—daily conferences have been held in Washington directed to the one end of "cinching" Taft's nomination. With these eminent Republicans it is a choice of Roosevelt's residuary legatee or Roosevelt himself. "Four years more of Theodore" is a hideous nightmare to these Republican leaders, while William H. Taft is at least an unknown quantity in the White House, and they hope he will be more considerate of the dignities of Congress and more "reasonable" with the interests, if not the people, they represent.

Modern politics has been reduced to a scientific business, in the planning and direction of which the common people have little voice. William H. Taft is not the choice of the people; he is the selection of Roosevelt, and from that origin his candidacy has been promoted by the most industrious administration politics. It has not even been necessary to raise the third term "bugaboo" to any alarming extent, and it would have been comparatively useless, for the people would not have heeded it. We have no hesitation in saying that the vast majority of the common people in the ranks of the Republican party strongly prefer Roosevelt to Taft, and, if the opportunity were given them, would voice their preference by a vote that would astound the managers and leaders of the Republican party. Roosevelt undoubtedly is the people's choice, but Taft is Roosevelt's choice. And it is

Roosevelt's choice that is to prevail.

The reluctance of the people to part with Roosevelt is natural. History will measure him as one of the greatest presidents, for he has done more to probe national evils and correct them than any executive since Abraham Lincoln. The truth is that the nation thoroughly appreciates the greatness—the uprightness, the force and the fearlessness—of Theodore Roosevelt, and believes that there is no man living so fitted to carry out the work that Theodore Roosevelt has begun than Theodore Roosevelt himself. It is generally recognized, if not admitted, that by Roosevelt's own decree the nation is asked to yield a great and forceful figure for one whose quality and service to the country are not to be denied, but who does not approach the Roosevelt measure.

Taft's nomination will, we believe, mean the closest fought campaign since 1896. Whether Taft can arouse sufficient enthusiasm to combat successfully the aggressive appeal that Bryan will make to the people will be the problem of the next five months.

Misses the Point.

The current issue of "Colliers" contains an interesting account of the reception of the Atlantic fleet in Southern California waters. Mr. Frederick Palmer, the staff representative of "Colliers," was evidently as much surprised as were the sailors at the warmth of the reception.

He thinks, however, that advertising was at the bottom of what was done, and declares most emphatically that "Los Angeles knows how to advertise." In evidence thereof he points out that during the auto ride of the officers many street corners occupied by stately buildings were pointed out with the words "a little cottage formerly stood there;" and he says that "Jacky" is coming back some day to invest in town lots.

Mr. Palmer, we think, mistakes the underlying cause of the welcome. Be this as it may, and what is of more importance, he failed to see what this hunger for town lots has done for Los Angeles. In New York, in San Francisco, in nearly every large city

of the United States, the working people are housed in tenements. In Los Angeles the tenement is almost unknown. The working man, if he cannot afford better, goes out five or six miles in any direction, and gets a town lot. If he cannot do better, he puts up a canvas house, or a three-room cottage. The ground surrounding the abode is cultivated and made a thing of beauty. Almost invariably the working people live in their own homes.

So the call for "town lots" serves another purpose than providing business for the real estate dealer. It alters the social status of the buyer; it transforms the working man from a helpless tenant to a self-reliant, ambitious land owner, be the holding ever so small; it dissipates the menace of politico-labor unionism. It has been in large measure responsible for the prosperity and advance of this community.

So it is, Messrs. Colliers, that much virtue abides in the town lot. There are a few left in the market, ready for purchase by men of energy and sobriety, who are disposed to change from being tenants to being landlords.

An Incentive to Irreverence.

The introduction of "politics" into the proceedings of the General Methodist Conference is one of those things calculated not only to undermine the faith of the members of the church, but to destroy the reverence for churchly things which is felt by the non-church goer. It is undeniable that there remains implanted in the hearts of the most indifferent a silent regard for men and women who devote themselves to the religious life. This regard may be the lingering remnant of the training of childhood—but it is there, and few men ever become so hardened but that the mere mention of churchly things will not invoke respect.

The account of the proceedings of this General Conference as telegraphed far and wide, will tend to destroy this reverence. When this conference gathered, eight bishops were to be elected. If the telegrams are to be believed, the conference became about as animated as a full-fledged political convention prior to a struggle of warring factions. Charges were made to influence the delegates—to defeat this man and to help another, that should never have been made without the fullest investigation, and then only with no publicity. It was charged:

1. That one candidate, Dr. Joseph B. Hingeley, was considered unworthy by the Minneapolis Conference.

2. That Dr. George P. Eckman, another candidate, had been under the influence of liquor. This simmered down to the discovery that liquor was prescribed for him during an illness.

3. That once upon a time Rev. Dr. Quayle had not been faithful to a promise to marry a young lady. Ascertained to be untrue.

4. That another candidate was a divorced man, and had remarried. The fact is that he divorced his wife for statutory reasons; that this wife died; that subsequent to her death he remarried. His second marriage under these conditions would have been permissible in any church.

Now all of this is indeed a pretty kettle of fish. The Methodist Church is an intense-

ly proselyting body. It recruits its strength from all walks of life and from all kinds and conditions of men. One of the strongest religious bodies in the United States, its strength largely lies in the constant accession of new and enthusiastic blood. What, then, must be the effect of all of this political fuss and feathers upon the people from whom accessions must be drawn? What must be the effect of these reports upon the ungodly who delight in witnessing a battle royal among the godly?

Universal Regulators Again.

The Universal Regulators have discovered a new field of officious enterprise. The citizens of Los Angeles must observe Memorial Day as the Universal Regulators think it should be observed. The Board of Police Commissioners have lent their ears to the protestations of "many patriots" and have complied with the request that "the day be kept sacred for the soldier dead and not made a time of hilarity." Consequently public games or sports of any description to which admission is charged are to be prohibited. Why draw the line here? If it is a transgression of the spirit of Memorial Day to watch a baseball game, and it is within the power of a police commission to prevent such desecration, why are the theaters or other places of amusement permitted to remain open? If it is unbecomely, indecent and lacking in patriotism to shout at the stealing of a base, surely the offense in laughing at a farce or becoming excited over a melodrama is far greater.

How do the Universal Regulators of other people's conduct desire Memorial Day to be spent? The people cannot spend the whole day at the cemeteries nor in listening to the rhetoric of tedious if fervent spellbinders. What will they do with themselves? The saloons, of course, will remain open and inevitably will reap a richer harvest than on any previous Memorial Day, thanks to the kindly offices of the Universal Regulators. An increase in drunkenness will probably be the most tangible result of this misguided effort on the part of the authorities to regulate the observance of Memorial Day, while thousands of citizens will be prevented from enjoying a holiday according to the exercise of their own free will.

If patriotism be at a low ebb—of which there is not the slightest indication—the worst possible method of attempting to revive it is by prohibiting innocent pastimes on days of national celebration. You cannot inculcate due feelings of gratitude and respect for the country's dead heroes by compelling living toilers to spend Memorial Day as the Universal Regulators think fit.

There is no limit to the absurd extravagances that may be indulged by these correctors of their neighbors' conduct, as history has demonstrated in other days, in other climes. It is this narrow and stupid tendency towards a revival of tyrannical puritanism that is to be deplored, for it is a movement that, if persevered in, will eventually cause the most desirable locality on God's footstool to be shunned by those who resent the molestations of Universal Regulators. Los Angeles, for self protection, should organize a society for the annihilation of cranks, and the first object of its solicitations attention should be the putting to rout of the Universal Regulators. The

liberty of the individual is too precious an asset to be carelessly discarded.

"Cruelty to Animals."

The Los Angeles "Graphic" has "done" General Otis in cold, cruel, relentless blood. It says, "Harrison Gray Otis expects to be Secretary of War in the cabinet of William H. Taft." And then tells why he will not be. It's like cruelty to animals.—Whittier Register.

Immunity Juggling.

After forty-three hours' deliberation the jury in the Ruef trial reported to the court that an agreement was impossible and accordingly was discharged. The jury was found to be equally divided on the question of Ruef's guilt, six voting for conviction and six for acquittal, which figures marked every one of the thirteen ballots taken.

Mr. Heney's failure to secure a conviction against Ruef is the more remarkable as the case involved was the strongest of all the indictments against the ex-boss. Ruef was tried on the charge of offering a bribe to one of the ex-supervisors in order to secure a franchise for a street railroad for the Parkside Realty Company, a syndicate of prominent San Francisco capitalists, who were opening up a large tract of land south of Golden Gate Park. The Prosecution in this case was armed not only with the testimony of the rehearsed "good dog" supervisors, but with the evidence of the three Parkside company's officials, who had been indicted with Ruef, but against whom all indictments were withdrawn as they approached the witness stand in this case. Hence, Mr. Heney had a double-barreled gun—the testimony of those who had been promised a bribe by Ruef and the testimony of those who had provided Ruef with funds.

But even this preponderant testimony was insufficient for half the jury. Why? The law insists that the evidence of accomplices, to obtain credence, must be corroborated. In the eyes of the jurymen who refused to convict Ruef, practically all the evidence submitted—the testimony of the sixteen boodling supervisors and of the three Parkside officials—was that of accomplices. Moreover, several of the jurymen after their discharge expressed their inability to believe the supervisors on oath, considering that their evidence had been purchased by the Prosecution with immunity just as they had sold their votes while in office.

From these conscious reasons which impelled six of the jurymen to vote steadfastly for Ruef's acquittal it is evident that the Spreckels Prosecution did not strike the beneficial bargain they expected when they whitewashed the supervisors in return for their testimony. That the testimony of many of these supervisors was not considered credible was made transparent by their frequent and substantial contradictions, while the fact, brought out in their cross-examination, that it was the practice of the Prosecution to summon them to Heney's office before they went on the witness stand, that their evidence might be carefully rehearsed, must have undermined its effect.

But beyond these conscious reasons was the sub-conscious prejudice against the methods of the Spreckels Prosecution. The question of motive in the present pursuit of Ruef against whom, a year ago, Spreckels

and Heney were willing to withdraw all prosecution, while it could not be introduced as evidence, must have suggested itself. Within twelve months the Prosecution had completely reversed its attitude towards Ruef. In May, 1907, the Prosecution was straining every nerve to induce Ruef to "come through," particularly with evidence against Patrick Calhoun and the United Railroads, and in return for the testimony it was hoped to secure from him, guaranteed that all indictments against him should be withdrawn. In May, 1908, Ruef is being prosecuted, not because of his crimes, but because he would not "stretch" his testi-

mony and manufacture evidence against Calhoun.

Moreover, in the case just tried, the Prosecution granted immunity to the Parkside officials in return for their evidence against Ruef, while a year ago it was expected to convict these same Parkside officials by the testimony of Ruef.

The Ruef trial should supply sufficient proof that this immunity juggling is both dangerous and reprehensible, and especially menacing to justice when the power to grant immunity—the choice of who shall be prosecuted and who shall be let go—is usurped by a private citizen. Sufficient lesson has been

read to the people of San Francisco—indeed, to every American—that the interposition of private interests into public prosecution, and its private direction, violate both the ethics and the consummation of justice. The whole inspiration of the graft prosecution in San Francisco has been to secure the punishment not of those who were palpably guilty, but of the enemies of Mr. Rudolph Spreckels. That Ruef and Schmitz should escape punishment for their crimes is a miscarriage of justice, but it is the privately controlled prosecution and its sacrifice of public interests for private vengeance that are responsible for this miscarriage.

Domestic and Otherwise

Scene: Near Westlake Park.

Dramatis personae:—Rather corpulent old gentleman with fierce gray moustaches, wearing black slouch hat; two young persons, one a youth of eighteen, the other a girl of sixteen. The elderly party smiles parentally upon each from time to time as they slowly walk around the confines of the park. The hour is seven p. m.—about dusk.

GIRL: Too bad mother couldn't have been with us, but of course she just had to keep that engagement with her lawyers.

LAD (doubtfully): Don't lawyers have to eat?

GIRL: O, but this is so important, you know.

LAD: There's another day.

CORPULENT OLD GENTLEMAN: Your mother, sir, is a martyr.

LAD: Yes, sir.

C. O. G.: A martyr, sir, to her conscience. She sacrifices herself for her children. But she knows I will look after them in her absence. Come, let us go down the steps and hear the seals laugh. This way.

(They meander after, the lad making grimaces at his sister behind the old gentleman's back.)

Scene: Alexandria Cafe.

Time: 7: p. m.

Dramatis Personae: Rather large, stunning-looking woman, wearing big picture hat, who poses in a series of attitudes before her vis-a-vis, a well-preserved, fine-appearing Southerner, whom she addresses as Colonel. They have just finished coffee and the waiter stands expectantly near.

SHE: No, I should have been bored to death.

THE COLONEL: But, you had promised, had you not?

SHE: O yes, but who cares?

THE COLONEL: There's the children, you know.

SHE: O, he'll look after them; he makes a fine nursemaid.

THE COLONEL: Won't he scold?

SHE: I'll soon tame him.

THE COLONEL: Well, I'm satisfied, of course. No cause for complaint here.

(They laugh knowingly. She taps him with her gloves and they rise. The waiter gets his. She is handed into an automobile and as the Colonel lifts his hat she kisses the tips of her fingers to him and the chauffeur heads toward Westlake Park.

SHE: Now for the bear garden.

CURTAIN.

The Trout of Lake Tahoe

BY A DISCIPLE OF WALTON

Thanks to the fish hatchery at Tahoe City, and to the success of the manipulators of the baby trout, whose conscientious attention to their duties has been amply demonstrated, Lake Tahoe and the other lakes and never-dying streamlets circumjacent will always remain the grandest fishing section in our State. In 1905 nearly 300,000 baby trout were successfully placed in the eight or ten little streams that flow into Lake Tahoe, and nearly half a million in 1906. In 1907 there were deposited 900,000 during the six weeks ending October 7, at the various points on Lake Tahoe, where they would be safe from bigger fish (that cannot ascend the shallow streams during the months that rain seldom falls), and able to take care of themselves until they enter the lake in June and July next. These little fellows were sumptuously fed on skimmed milk and finely minced cooked liver.

The number of trout that are taken daily from the pellucid waters of Tahoe from June 1st to September 30th is something marvelous, and a great many weigh from two to four pounds each, and occasionally silver trout weighing from five to ten pounds. But the average weight is from three-quarters of to a pound each. Fly fishing is often fine for two or three months in Cascade and Fallen Leaf lakes, and at various points along the Truckee River. And, by the way, referring to the Truckee River, there are not many prettier mountain

streams anywhere in the world; and I am quite sure that no river carries such a vast volume of clear, cold water, because its source is at the outlet of Tahoe's incomparably transparent lake. It is richly and fantastically embroidered by lichen, grass, shrub, bush and tree for nearly half its distance, and embellished by gorgeous wild flowers, such as the brooks of Vallambrosa never possessed. It is about one hundred miles in length, and falls some thirty feet to the mile during its meanderings to Pyramid lake. This entrancing river was so-called by the leader of a party of sixteen men, who left Council Bluffs in 1844 and fell in with a Piute named Truckee, who guided them—a good deal of the way along this fragrant stream—in safety to Sutter's fort. Prior to this episode the river had been without even an Indian name, so far as had been known; and out of gratitude to the vigilant and loyal "Truckee," the patronymic has been obtained. It may not sound so mellifluously as Susquehanna or Suwanee, nor so dignified as Potomac or Delaware, but none of these is so beautiful, so picturesque nor so irresistibly enticing and sublime.

Regarding the tragic disappearance of the faithful guide there is no controversy nor ever has been—Truckee was drowned! He had taken too much firewater at Tahoe City and lost his life in consequence. But whether in the deep, cold, tranquil waters of Lake Tahoe or in the foaming rapids of

the river that perpetuates his name there is difference of record—some natives and others claiming the lake as his last resting place and a like number asseverating that his body was found in the river and buried nearby.

I can conceive of nothing more joyous than angling for the gaudy rainbow, the swift-moving Eastern and the vicious cut-throat trout of an August or September day along the richly-caparisoned banks of the ever-foaming and sinuous Truckee. The atmosphere is the very acme of autumnal perfection. The serrated summits of the Sierra are picturesquely pencilled along a skyline that is ravishingly beautiful. The soft west winds exhale sweet breaths. Delicious odors intermingle from tree and herb and flower. The jocund day gives way at last to Zephyry evening, and the successful disciple of Izaak Walton returns to his hotel just as the crickets and other insects come noiselessly out and tell each other of their escapades and love.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

Reminiscences of Andy Johnson—V

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

States. He has told of all the details of reconstruction, from the rehabilitation of Tennessee by Mr. Johnson by order of Mr. Lincoln, down to the "readmission" of the last of the seceded states into the Union during President Grant's administration; the tying of Johnson's hands by a radical Congress, the attempted impeachment, and the reports of General Grant on Virginia, Carl Schurz on South Carolina, Harvey L. Watterson on North Carolina, and of B. C. Truman (the writer of these reminiscences) on Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida and Texas.

On page 351 of the twenty-second volume of the "History of the Nation" (from 1865 to 1877), Prof. W. A. Dunning says: "Of high importance are the report of Carl Schurz to the President in the autumn of 1865, the report of General Grant and the report of B. C. Truman to the President in April, 1866." On pages 47, 48, 49 and 50 the author speaks at length of all from the reports, and says that "Watterson (Harvey L., father of Henry, who had served in Congress with Johnson from Tennessee in the fortys), and Truman found conditions generally to be such as to justify the policy

which the President was carrying out," etc. "Schurz, on the other hand, found no influential class whose loyalty was more than reluctant submission to overwhelming force, or who could be depended upon to conduct state governments in accordance with the dictates of a national spirit," etc. To counteract the influence of Schurz's extended report, Johnson sent with it a brief report by General Grant of impressions gained on a short tour through some of the Southern States in November; and Grant's ideas went wholly to support the President's policy. Some months later, April 6, 1866, when Truman had completed his thirty-one weeks of southern travel, he also prepared a formal summary of his conclusions, which was duly transmitted to Congress. "This report brought to the support of the President's policy a better balanced judgment and a sanner philosophy than the radical character (Schurz) had displayed."

These bouquets thrown at me by Prof. Dunning are all the more fragrant because we have never met, never had any correspondence, nor known each other at all.

Like all other great men, Johnson had

some weaknesses; one of his most conspicuous weaknesses being his standing boast of his coming up from nothing, and of the many steps in his political ladder. And, yet, he stood alone in having occupied all the positions from Alderman of his town to the Presidency: thus: He was Alderman of Greenville for three terms; then three times Mayor of Greenville, after which he was elected to the lower branch of the Tennessee Legislature, and subsequently to the Senate; then he was elected to Congress and re-elected five times; then he became Governor of Tennessee, defeating the eagle orator (a Whig) in a Whig State, and was re-elected Governor, again defeating the greatest orator Tennessee had ever produced; then he became a United States Senator, and in 1864 was elected Vice-President—and he became President on the death of Mr. Lincoln. There's the whole gamut. Besides, he was an elector on the Van Buren ticket in 1836; delegate to the Charleston convention in 1860; military governor of Tennessee, and brigadier-general of Volunteers in 1862-5, and once more a United States Senator, literally dying in the harness.

By the Way

Aroused.

Unless the Los Angeles-Pacific Railway makes very material concessions to the comfort and convenience of its passengers, the corporation will shortly find itself in the midst of a first-class engagement with all the residents of Ocean Park and Santa Monica. The culminating cause of trouble is that the patrons of the company, prior to taking the cars in Los Angeles, are confined to the close, hot, ill-smelling room in the jerk-water temporary depot which the company has erected on Hill street. General Sherman, Eli P. Clark and E. H. Harriman may think that the beach people consider it a privilege to be herded into this depot with a flock of peon section men. General Sherman, E. P. Clark and E. H. Harriman may sanction the arrangements by which people are permitted to board the cars in this depot, but the people who are paying the company for transportation facilities have their opinions, and they are preparing to enforce these opinions in a way which will probably bring the Los Angeles-Pacific to book.

Feeling at the Beaches.

The feeling at the beaches is so intense that committees are coming up from all the commercial bodies of the beach towns to protest against the intolerable conditions which exist at the temporary depot, and to protest against various annoyances at the beach. Feeling against the company has reached such a pitch that a revocation of franchise is hinted at. I am told, too, that P. W. Powers, Thomas Hughes and others who gave a right of way through a certain tract of land in return for transfer privi-

leges, have notified the Los Angeles-Pacific to conform to the terms under which this right of way was given. Otherwise a revocation of this franchise is sought.

Gillon.

Matters have been precipitated by the unwarranted attempt of the gateman and outer guard at the depot to prevent Mrs. C. E. Gillon from boarding a car recently. The outer guard was given a thrashing by Mr. Gillon, and in consequence Mr. Gillon will appear at the police station Monday to give an account of the trouble which culminated in this thrashing. And in this connection I would like to ask Chief Kern by what right he details a policeman paid by the people to act as special guardian of Mr. Harriman's depot. Mr. Harriman, General Sherman and Mr. Clark are able to pay for their own policeman, just as the theaters pay for theirs, and just as every private citizen pays for his if he desires special protection. Chief Kern no doubt thought that it would be very pleasing to E. H. Harriman, Moses H. Sherman and Eli P. Clark to have the protection of the aegis of the law. No doubt it is, for these astute gentlemen, at the public expense, but as a taxpayer I protest against this unwarrantable bit of special privilege for any railway whatsoever, let alone the Los Angeles-Pacific.

Just a Word.

Just a word to you, Messrs. E. H. Harriman, Moses H. Sherman and Eli P. Clark. The people of the city of Los Angeles are not in any mood or temper to be handled as the Southern Pacific handles the people of

the northern section of the State. They will not be bulldozed or cajoled, and they will not be put off any longer with honeyed words as to what you are going to do some day. For several years the Los Angeles-Pacific Railway occupied as tenant-at-will a section of a public street of this city for use as a switch yard. For two years the people of this city have been regaled with beautiful stories as to how the Los Angeles-Pacific is "going to" erect a depot of its own on Hill street. The people of this city have heard repeated stories of tunnel work west of Hill street, and of tunnel work on North Hill street. The residents of a large district of this city have been deprived of street car service by an arbitrary exercise of power by the Los Angeles-Pacific. It is up to E. H. Harriman, Moses H. Sherman and Eli P. Clark to stop buncoing the public. The voluble Sherman and the astute Clark are adepts at this gentle art, but the limit has been reached, and the sands have well-nigh run through the glass. If the Los Angeles-Pacific expects to maintain the confidence of the people here, its officials will cease talking about what they are "going to" do, and will do something worth while. They will get in and spend some real money on some real improvements. They will realize, for instance, that in running their cars from the Fourth street depot through Spring and Main streets to Bellevue avenue they are operating without a franchise, and that the continuation of this connection is a matter in which the public has a say. In other words, wake up, Messrs. Harriman, Sherman and Clark, and do not play the public for being blind all the time.

The public owes nothing either to General Sherman or Mr. Clark, and still less to E. H.

Harriman. In the development of this city in the last eight years the efforts of these gentlemen have been largely in the direction of "going-to-do." Harriman, Sherman and Clark are "going" to give some quick connections to the west and northwest; Harriman himself is "going" to erect a depot to replace the Arcade, and to this end the city of Los Angeles has given him a part of Fifth street worth a good many thousand dollars. I have yet to see that a single step has been taken to erect this depot in return for the concessions made Mr. Harriman.

Club Licenses.

Prosecuting Attorney Woolwine has gone on a new tack in endeavoring to convince the bona fide social clubs that they should pay license for selling liquors. When the ordinance was first passed, Mr. Woolwine apparently went on the theory that the ordinance was good as regards the bona fide clubs. A thorough examination of the decisions bearing upon the sale of liquors in clubs has convinced the legal talent of the clubs that the ordinance is invalid. These decisions emphasize the point that in deciding the status of a liquor selling club the intent of the club itself is vital; that is to say, if the intent of the organizers of the club is to make liquor selling its chief business or even one of its chief ends, then the club is amenable to license as a liquor dealer.

In Practice.

Now while this is undoubtedly good law, in practice it is very difficult to prove intent, and under existing conditions it is very easy to organize a social club under a state law and set up in business as a blind pig. How many of these blind pigs there are in Los Angeles I have no means of knowing, but I am told there are several score of them. When these unlicensed liquor dealers are arrested and brought to trial, they invariably demand that a jury decide the issue. In examining talesmen it is customary for the defense to ask questions which clearly indicate the line to be pursued. The defense invariably claims that these blind pigs are "poor men's clubs;" that it is a discrimination against the poor and in favor of the rich to prosecute these unlicensed liquor dealers, and at the same time to allow such clubs as the California and the Jonathan to sell liquors without a license. Such a plea is a winner with most juries.

Changing the Tune.

Realizing the strength of this argument in court, Mr. Woolwine has issued what amounts to a direct appeal to the club men to assist his efforts to stamp out the blind pigs. This procedure puts a decidedly different color upon the matter in the eyes of the legitimate clubs, and it may be that they will pay the license in the interest of enforcing the law against the bogus clubs which are nothing and never have been anything but blind pigs.

Billiard Rooms.

The Rev. William Francis Ireland and his supporters have succeeded in inducing the Board of Supervisors to pass a county ordinance closing the billiard rooms in unincorporated places on Sunday. Election time is approaching, and the Supervisors naturally could do nothing else. I must confess to

an inability to seeing any great sin in playing billiards and fifteen ball pool on Sunday. The games are as harmless as fishing, hunting and croquet. Of course the billiard room men will see that a test case is made. The chief point of interest is that the Sunday closing movement is making headway. Where Mr. Ireland and his followers will stop no man listeth. Maybe they will succeed yet in getting a blue law which makes it a sin for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday.

Vigilance.

Unceasing vigilance on the part of the Chamber of Commerce, with the cooperation of Senator Flint and Congressman McLachlan can alone save the remnants remaining to the people at San Pedro Harbor. There is precious little left anyhow, after subtracting the holdings of the Bannings, the Southern Pacific, the Salt Lake and the Pacific Electric, to say nothing of the concessions held by the various mercantile corporations. When Assistant Secretary of War Oliver ruled that harbor lines could not be established without the consent of various land owners, he acted in the interests of every corporation which is perched around San Pedro harbor. I do not mean to say that he did this intentionally. There appears to be a fair chance that Oliver's ruling will be set aside and that the harbor lines will be created without regard to the various corporations that are entrenched thereabouts. If San Pedro affairs are to be adjusted entirely in the interests of the corporations and if the public is to have no say whatever, that fact might as well be known; but the mercantile community of Los Angeles is not in a position to admit the necessity of such a complete and abject surrender. Los Angeles is not yet ready to concede to the corporations pre-eminent rights, nor is it ready to admit that the struggle made for San Pedro as against Santa Monica was wholly in vain.

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First-class service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

Many Thanks.

With those who are persecuted by the insistent display of crime and things criminal made this week by the dailies I am glad:

I.—That the Harry Thaw case has been thrown out of court, and that Thaw will stay in an asylum.

II.—That the Guinness mystery is getting stale.

III.—That the McComas trial will cease to trouble.

IV.—That the dailies may find some space for decent and reputable matter, although this is a little too much to hope for.

His Poise.

The San Francisco "Argonaut" says: "It is characteristic of General Otis of Los Angeles that the failure of the Sacramento convention to elect him a delegate to Chicago has not disturbed his habitual poise." How could it? You cannot spoil a bad egg—or make any worse the habitual attitude of Harrison Gray Otis toward his fellow man. "Town Talk" in discussing the defeat of General Otis refers to "his friends." He hasn't any—no, not one. He enjoys the re-

spect of the mercantile and manufacturing interests, of practically this entire community, for his prompt and effective measures against union domination. But friends? Not any.

Bell and McNab.

The main result of last week's Democratic State Convention was the unhorsing of Gavin McNab, who has been in the saddle for the last ten years. That McNab has been a wise and incorruptible boss even his enemies do not deny. Nor do the prophets believe that "the canny Scot" will be forced to relinquish the leadership of the Democracy for long, if he should care to resume control. It is pointed out that it is poor strategy for the man with ambitions for his own political preferment to occupy the seat of the boss, and it is probable that Theodore Bell, who hopes some day to be either governor or United States senator, will seize the first opportunity to make his peace with McNab. The truth is that the situation at Fresno was decidedly complicated. McNab is not a fervent Bryanite, and three months ago opposed Nathan Cole's desire to send an instructed delegation to Denver. Nevertheless Cole was lined up in the McNab ranks at Fresno, but eventually succeeded in drawing strength from both factions. It is now almost certain that Nathan Cole will be chosen as the representative of California on the national committee. Cole's selection will be directly in line with Bryan's wishes, for no man on the Pacific Coast stands so close to the "Great Commoner" as Cole.

Bell's Ambitions.

Theodore Bell has already created antagonism in his ranks by evidences of his "vaulting ambition." Bell seems to have reached out for almost every honor within the gift of the party, and before the convention adjourned there was grumbling in the ranks of the faithful at their leader's audacity. The immediate ambition of the man from Napa is to be temporary chairman of the National Convention, the position occupied by the late Senator Stephen M. White twelve years ago, when Bryan was nominated in Chicago. The story of Bell's friends is that the split with McNab—to whom Bell has owed much in the past—came over McNab's preference for Tom Geary as delegate-at-large, and that Bell declared war upon

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McNab as soon as he heard of it.

Our Prudent Harper.

Some of McNab's friends are sore with Mayor Harper at his withdrawal from the race for the chairmanship of the late convention and protest that had he gone to the bat he would have snatched victory from defeat. Mainly out of deference to Harper's wishes McNab refused to force the issue. It was too close a fight to take chances on, and both McNab and Harper realized that an open defeat might injure the mayor's political future. Mayor Harper probably has contemplated not in vain the extinction of that once shining light of the Democracy—Meredith P. Snyder. Alas, there are many Democrats who have already forgotten Snyder's name, but that gentleman himself, whose whiskers were once famous from San Diego to Siskiyou, has no shadow of regret that he is out of politics "for good." Arthur C. Harper, however, is still the present hope and comfort of Southern California's Democracy, and he is to be congratulated on his withdrawal from a contest for a comparatively insignificant honor, open defeat in which might have cost him dear.

Warner.

A. D. (Silver Dick) Warner cut loose at the lunch of the Democratic League this week and denounced everybody in the Cole-Harper wing of the party as part of the Southern Pacific machine. I know Silver Dick Warner, personally, and he has the awful habit of going off at half-cock and of not being absolutely sure of his ground. He thinks things are so until he believes them to be so. That is all.

Not Seriously.

The "Herald," which is playing to the interests of the Democratic League, is the only paper that gave much prominence to Warner's harangue. In this I think the "Herald" displayed uncommonly bad judgment. I advise editor Gibbon to take a tramp around town and see how sensible people view the Warner tirade. They do not believe half of what Warner said—not that they think Warner is willingly untruthful, but they are convinced that he has lost his balance wheel in this matter. The Democratic League is in mighty small business in giving aid and comfort to this attack.

Hunsaker's Vote.

I am told that the manner in which Judge W. J. Hunsaker cast his vote at the Republican Convention for delegate-at-large has caused considerable discussion. The fact is that Oscar Mueller cast Judge Hunsaker's vote for Harrison Gray Otis, under instructions from Judge Hunsaker himself. This ought to quiet a lot of political "tittle-tattle" that has been going the rounds a week or ten days.

Weston.

Of course the tramping trip of Edwin Payson Weston, the famous pedestrian, from San Francisco to Los Angeles, is essentially a bit of "Examiner" advertising, and so nothing will appear in any of the other newspapers about it. Nevertheless when Weston gets here he will be greeted as he should be, as the greatest walker which this country has yet seen. Weston expects

to walk from San Francisco to Los Angeles in ten days, an average of nearly fifty miles a day—and he is nearly seventy years of age. I am willing to lay a wager that not one man in ten who is fifty years old would undertake to walk to San Francisco in twenty days. Walking has become a lost art.

Lowenthal Out?

Street gossip among newspaper men is that Henry Lowenthal is no more the power in the local "Examiner" office. Mr. Lowenthal has gone East and if reports be true is not coming back. The paper is in charge of Foster Coates, of New York. The "Examiner," under his direction, is a vastly improved journal and in a news sense will make the "Times" sit up and take notice.

"Heinie."

For some reason "Uncle Heine" had it in his head that I have had it in for him; nothing could be further from the truth. I have had it in for the policy of the "Examiner" which has been ostrich-like in its stupidity. There never has been a time since Mr. Lowenthal came to Los Angeles that the paper has had a definite policy on anything. Hesitancy, trimming and worse than useless manoeuvring to be all things to all men have guided the Lowenthal intellect. I have no patience with a newspaper that sets its sails to every breeze. The only policy that wins is to stand for what a publisher thinks is right, and stick to that policy through thick and thin.

Vetter.

Louis Vetter is home from the "jinks" of the Bohemian Club. This is an annual function that invariably claims Vetter as its own. It is the one thing to which all other engagements are subordinated. And I have it from Mr. Vetter himself that this year's "jinks" was the most enjoyable of all.

Jewish Sailors.

On account of the disinclination of the Jewish people generally to speak of their good deeds, not a single paper in Los Angeles learned the particulars of a characteristic act which occurred at the time that the fleet was at the Los Angeles ports. It is not generally known that there are quite a number of Jews among the sailors of the fleet, and that the vessels were at the neighboring parts during the Passover. It so happened that the services at Temple B'nai B'rith, appropriate to the occasion, were attended by ten or twelve sailors of the Jewish faith. I am told that every one of these sailors was invited to Jewish homes in the city to partake of the Passover dinner. Among the people of this faith the Passover

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dinner is always an occasion for a family reunion; the sailors had no homes here and no families, but for the time being they were treated as members of the family by some of the foremost Jewish families of Los Angeles.

Alliot.

In the last honor list Hector Alliot was made an officer in the Academy of Fine Arts, and was decorated with the Academy Palms by the President of France. This honor came to Mr. Alliot in recognition of his services in the cause of International Copyright and Free Art.

Stevens.

Otheman Stevens has a cat. It is an Angora cat. It is the pride of Otheman's heart, but he is trying to get rid of it. He is afraid that he cannot lose it, since reading an account of how an Angora belonging to Mrs. A. J. Shinkle of Riverside made a journey from San Francisco to Riverside in order to get home. How Mrs. Shinkle's cat traveled five hundred miles in unknown territory and reached the Shinkle hearthstone by unerring cat instinct has made Mr. Stevens think there is no chance to lose his Angora. Mr. Stevens's cat became possessed with the spirit of discovery one morning this week, and for three days there were yowls and caterwauls, apparently from every part of the Stevens house. Mr. Stevens penetrated the unexplored part of the space under the house not occupied by the cellar, but in vain. He sawed a hole through the floor of the second story in the hope of rescuing pussy, whom he supposed to be confined between the joists, but with no re-

sults. He chopped a hole in the roof, necessitating extensive repairs, and still without reward. The cat was finally rescued from a secure hiding place between the studding, back of a plastered wall, and was only dug out after \$50 damage had been done. And now Stevens is afraid to drop the cat somewhere for fear it will come back, and he is uncertain whether it will pay to drown a \$250 cat to save house repairs.

River Bed.

James A. Anderson and Lee C. Gates discussed the future of the river bed, before the City Club last Saturday. Mr. Anderson held firmly to the position assumed by the Municipal League, while Mr. Gates, who is connected with the Los Angeles Harbor Railway Company, spoke favorably for the scheme of that company. It was plainly evident that the club members inclined to Mr. Anderson's ideas.

McIntyre.

It is, indeed, flattering to the friends of Rev. Dr. Robert McIntyre that he has been elected a bishop of the Methodist church. Dr. McIntyre began life as a bricklayer—and from bricklayer to bishop is a far cry. He made the span in thirty years, and at the age of 56 years has reached the highest honors that his church can confer. A man who did that could have won success in any calling of life.

Water Bonds.

I am one of those who doubt the wisdom of calling upon the savings bank depositors to withdraw their money from these institutions and invest in aqueduct bonds. The total issue of \$340,000 is divided into \$200 denominations so as to facilitate the sale. Yet it must be remembered that the local savings banks subscribed heavily to the preceding issue of aqueduct bonds, and the banks are entitled to some consideration. There is a rift in the clouds, however, in this: if Congress finally agrees on a currency measure as now seems probable, these bonds will be available as a basis for the issuance of emergency currency and National banks may find the issue attractive.

Mrs. Greenleaf.

Who was the most beautiful woman in Los Angeles during the last twelve years? Don't all speak at once. Without venturing a personal opinion on so difficult a subject, reference may safely be made to the May issue of the "Strand" magazine. To grace an article on "Artists and Beauty" there are reproduced eight photographs of beautiful women, and No. 1 is a face very well known in Los Angeles. Although implied editorial verdict was not sanctioned by the famous artists consulted, the place of honor is given to a photograph which will be recognized as that of Mrs. Lucy Banning Greenleaf. The jury of artists was composed of members of the British Royal Academy, and their taste evidently favored a beauty possessed of distinctively Anglo-Saxon charms, for five of the distinguished portrait painters awarded the palm to No. 2. The comment on Mrs. Mac Greenleaf's photograph was: "interesting to those who know and love her." Of No. 1 it was said: "or in the photograph was an example of the beauty which is a part of the human soul."

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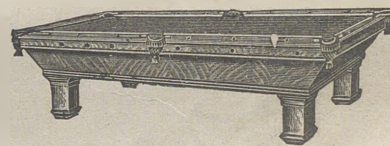
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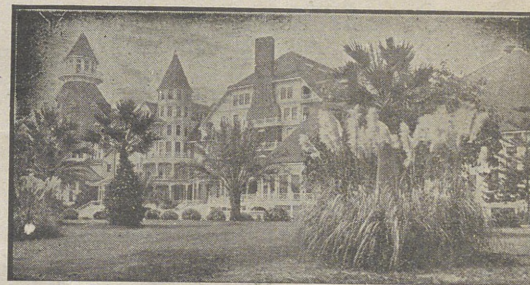
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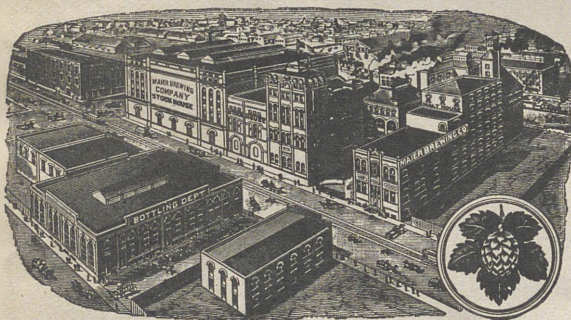
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from the uniformity of the physical features, owes so much to placidity of temperament and serenity of soul. 'This is evidently the portrait of a woman,' it was said, 'who united a beautiful character with a beautiful face. It is not the beauty, perhaps, which would carry men off their feet—metaphorically speaking, of course—in the whirl of the ballroom. She could never exercise the fascination of the coquette, but she could excite the love which is stronger than death.'"

Trees and Sunday Editions.

A novel argument against the tremendous bulk of Sunday newspapers was made at the convention of the Women's Federated Clubs in Oakland last week. Mrs. Edwin T. Parsons, chairman of the Forestry department, drew a harrowing picture of the devastation of the forests to supply pulp for newspapers. The time would come, the lady prophesied, when the beautiful hills of California would be denuded of their glorious foliage, and our grandchildren instead of playing under the trees would be forced to enjoy them only in the shape of poor funny papers and vulgarizing Sunday supplements. "When we read," said Mrs. Parsons, "that ex-Judge Howland, president of the association for the protection of the Adirondacks, states that on Sunday, March 25, 1903, a certain New York paper, with a circulation of 800,000, issued an eighty-page edition which required the product of 9779 trees, 60 feet high and 10 inches in diameter, representing a forest of 367 acres, and that, as I said before, the forest service estimates that unless some radical means be taken, twenty years will see the United States a nation without forests, it is time to cry danger. A movement should be on foot in every Woman's Club in the United States for the abbreviation of the daily papers for the sake of the forests (incidentally for the sake of the intellect and morals of the people). If we, the federated club women of the State of California, would band ourselves together with the slogan, 'Less newspapers and more forests,' we could save thousands of majestic trees that are now being sacrificed on the altar of absurdly illustrated Sunday editions of 100 pages of sensational stories and inane idiosyncracies."

Spreckels.

"An innocent man charged with an offense or a crime withdraws himself as much as possible from the public gaze. He feels that

he does not wish to compromise his friends by associating with them, and he therefore keeps himself in the background until he shall have been given an opportunity to establish his innocence in a court of law. The criminal, however, pursues a different course."

The "Express" ascribes this utterance to Rudolph Spreckels, and so I assume that the quotation is correct. Had Mr. Spreckels ever had experience as "police reporter" for a daily newspaper—as I have had—he would know that neither guilt nor innocence can be presumed from the conduct of any man accused of crime. One of the greatest scoundrels I have ever known when accused withdrew from public gaze, and conducted himself as a modest innocent, almost heart-broken over his predicament. Another rascal involved in the same criminal deal, came to the front and sought to brazen it out. How a man acts when under accusation, whether innocent or guilty, is wholly a matter of make-up and temperament. There is no hard and fast rule, even if so eminent an authority as Mr. Spreckels thinks otherwise.

Lamentations of Francis J.

Francis J. Heney, the special prosecutor in San Francisco, has reached the stage of lamentation and complaint. He boasts no longer, for there is none with ears so patient as to heed. But in pursuit of the personal notoriety which is meat and drink to Heney, he is now drawing daily attention to himself by telling the Spreckels organs of the deadly peril in which he daily walks, of the thugs and murderers who—in his imagination—dog his footsteps. For months he has not gone abroad without a bodyguard, and every man who crosses his path is viewed with fearful suspicion. But the people only smile and refuse to believe that any one interested in the defense against Spreckels' conspiracies could possibly wish Heney out of the way. Nor does the special prosecutor confine his lamentations to the expression of fears lest some one is certain to do him bodily harm. In addressing the supervisors last week, in support of District Attorney Langdon's request for a special appropriation for the prosecution fund, to relieve Rudolph Spreckels of part of his burden, Heney gave vent to moans as to what the prosecution was costing himself. Already, he claimed, his patriotic and gratuitous services had cost him \$100,000. During the last two years, according to his own estimate, his private practice would have netted him \$50,000 a year. Lawyers are wondering whether Spreckels weighs Heney's services in the Heney balances, and how much of the \$300,000 which Spreckels is believed to have sunk already in the prosecution has gone to the account of Heney's partner, Charles W. Cobb. It is a felony for a district attorney or his assistant to accept remuneration from private sources, but there are ways of whipping the devil around the stump, and there is no statute which would prevent Mr. Spreckels from paying Mr. Cobb. Despite all Heney's fervent protestations it is hard to find any one in San Francisco who believes that he has abandoned his practice and his office to Spreckels's interests. Nothing. Unfortunately Heney's word is taken at a ruinous discount; he is an utterly discredited idol.



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Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:—

You won't feel hurt if I tell you where you can find some really truly great "bargains" this week, will you? These are some of the good things that come to those who wait, and in the first instance are to be found in the millinery department of Blackstone's big store, 318 South Broadway. All trimmed hats, no matter what the price, are to be sold from now on at a fourth off the regular price and as some of the imported models have only just been put out, it seems to be a remarkable chance to make some women very, very glad, as well as some women very, very mad. Blackstone's millinery is always first-class in every detail; the style excellent and the work and material dependable; so this is your opportunity to gather in that exquisite Milan Napoleon, smothered with white ostrich tips (it is still there) that we envied and admired so much earlier in the season. A fourth off makes the price seem quite a mentionable and reasonable one to "Hubby." So for a bargain in beautiful millinery this week I should strongly advise Blackstone's.

And again for you, good housewife, who delves and dives after dirt and dust at this time of the year, I shall put you up to a little scheme to work on your "man of wrath" that will renovate the house quite wonderfully. Promise to leave his particular den alone and untouched if he will let you buy at the Boston Store one of the beautiful Persian rugs that are going off at such an enormous reduction this week. All the loveliest of Oriental mats, rugs and "Prie-Dieux" are

being sold at from a fourth to one-half the original price. Twenty-five dollar mats from the dim and religious mosques of the Far East are to be marked at this special sale down to fourteen dollars and so on. This is the chance of a lifetime to get a precious Oriental rug for the price of a common domestic one. The Boston Store rug department is an awfully attractive one. They always have the latest dinky little doings for the cozy corner or the smoking den or the verandahs and porches. For the latter I saw a new and delightful affair to "laze" in, known as the hammock chair, a swinging rope seated chair hung from the roof in the "comfiest" manner. It takes up less room than an old-time hammock, and costs only three dollars, put up. It belongs to the Budor family of porch comforts, same as those screens we bought last year.

In Myer Siegels, 251 South Broadway—the home of women's and children's wear—I was shown some most wonderful sets of lingerie for that interesting person, the "June" bride. I suppose a bride of any other month might have a set just as well, but these specially beautiful three-piece trousseaux were for the bride of next month and were also "special priced." A quarter or a third off has been the reduction on these dainty things; and when you see these truly exquisite masses of lace and ribbons marked down from thirty-five to twenty-five you won't be able to resist.

At the Ville de Paris also I had to lend a willing ear to the vagaries of the June bride. I was shown some truly unique sets of damask table linen in that classic store, and was informed that such and such patterns and sizes were quite a specialty with brides and grooms. They prefer a "ten by ten" set, in an American Beauty rose pattern, I was gravely told, all woven from the finest Irish linen and with a dozen table napkins to match. Others there are, it seems, who can bear to purchase a ten by twelve or an eight by four, with anything from a chrysanthemum to a lily-of-the-valley pattern; but the blushing bride craves that ten by ten.

To return, dear, to that ever green subject of hats, let me tell you that the joy of securing a genuine bargain may also now be felt within the beautiful precincts of Miss A. L. Swobdi's swell establishment, 749 South Broadway. A third off all the lovely hats, imported and of local fame, is the order of the day, and if you once studied some of Miss Swobdi's French millinery, you will realize what a dandy opportunity this is to secure the desire of your heart without breaking the bank.

Once more, adios.

Affectionately,

LUCILLE.

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Deborah's Diary

TO A NEW FOUND COMRADE.

By Henry Christeen Warnack.

About me is a great throng, yet out of the multitude I single you alone, knowing full well that you, of all beneath my gaze, will perfectly understand me. When I salute you I am not surprised that the pressure of your hand equals that of my own.

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I demand no avowal from your lips; your glance is more to me than the spoken word of any other woman; your thought tallies my own. Your eye meets mine unafraid, yet you tremble. You are my wild flower of the hills, my pure laurel of the high hills, and very sweet.

I long to lead you apart from the rest that together we may enjoy the rapturous silence of the vast and undisturbed night. Oh, I am sure that the tender passion of the white moon is entirely for you, and that the stars of evening are pale for love of you.

An hour ago, for all my dream and hope, I did not certainly know that you were. Now I am filled with a rage of joy merely to think that you ARE. When I look upon you my heart doubles and trebles its beating until I am hurt with its call to you.

I am curious to know what you have been about all these days you have passed me unquestioned: I would demand a definite account of you, and would, in turn, spread my own past before you that you may read it as a book of love. When you have read it I think you will see just where I have missed you, dreamed of you, cried out for you at every crisis. I think you are as eager to confess to me your own insufficiency until this hour of our divine appointment.

Now that I have found you, I will not lightly let you go. Until the light shall no longer lave the rose, until each star is blotted out in hopeless night and God himself be laid in Beauty's grave, I shall refuse to relinquish you.

Among the pleasant social affairs which Mrs. Hiram Higgins of 2619 Wilshire boulevard has arranged for her daughter-in-law and guest, Mrs. W. R. Higgins of Spencer, Iowa, the large card party of last Saturday afternoon was perhaps the most pronounced. Assisting the hostess were Mrs. C. N. Story, Mrs. Ionell Higgins and Mrs. Z. H. Mason. The reception rooms were gracefully decorated with roses and ferns and scores for the games were ornamented with quaint little Holland girls. The first prize was a silver creamer and tray, ingrained with gold, which was won by Miss Whitaker. The second prize, a handsome cut glass dish, went to Mrs. W. J. Hole and the consolation prize, a hand-painted plate, was awarded to Mrs. Lewis R. Works. Those

invited included: Mesdames C. N. Sterry, Robert Marsh, Viola Kennedy, Milbank Johnson, Calvin Brown, Waters, Howry, Joseph Lane Merrill, Will Bricker, Hamilton Duncan, Benjamin Macready, Orson Platte, of Monrovia; E. L. Moore, George Munger, Pliny Munger, of Chicago; Frank Rowley, of Pomona; Frame, Strobig, I. W. Gardner, Banning, J. Bond Francisco, Miller, Frances Murphy, Thomson, J. L. Boyle, Arthur Letts, W. W. Neuer, George Ridgeway, W. J. Hole, Reuben Shettler, H. K. Williamson, Bruce Williamson, Louis Works, M. T. Whitaker, Pierre Mason, George Frey, Richard Beebe, Nicholas Rice, D. G. Peck, Alice Covert, Lloyd Moultrie, Erasmus Wilson, Edwin T. Earl, Dan Laubersheimer, Mary Gibson Babcock, A. Vermillion, Clement L. Shinn, Murray Harris, H. M. Field, Richard Bruns, Ionell Higgins, J. L. Ames, Frank J. Hart, C. T. Whitney, Nash, Cornwall, W. T. Botsford, Grant Carver, Stuart, C. C. Carpenter, Manel Erickson, G. G. Guyer, of Altadena; Cosmo Morgan, McIntee, of Chicago; G. A. Hancock, E. M. Neustadt, Green, Katte Greppin, Henderson Hayward, Henry Watson, Hopkins, Hill, Moore, Elmer E. Cole, Misses Dent, Esther Dent, Nora Sterry, Ruth Sterry, Shinn and Field.

Mrs. Will Higgins, who with her husband is visiting the latter's mother at her beautiful home on Wilshire boulevard, comes from the oldest settlement in Illinois, Shawneetown, where her family is highly regarded. On one side she is a Marshall, a direct descendant of the famous chief justice, and her father was a Carroll, of kin to the dashing Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Since coming to Los Angeles Mrs. Higgins has made many friends here, her charming manners and vivacious disposition easily winning attention.

Miss Helen Godfrey Spalding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Spalding, was a member of the graduating class at Mills College last week. Mr. and Mrs. Spalding went to San Francisco to witness the event.

Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, accompanied by Mrs. W. S. Newhall and Mrs. W. S. Porter of San Francisco, contemplate an Eastern trip in the near future.

Mrs. Robert Sherman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newton H. Foster, has been visiting friends in San Francisco, her former home, where many entertainments have been given in her honor.

Miss Bertha C. Crowell, one of the ablest newspaper writers ever in Los Angeles, was married, May 23, at Deming, N. M., to Mr. John Dabney Tinsley, B. S., one of the professors of the University of New Mexico and one of the acknowledged American experts on dry farming. Miss Crowell originally came to California from Kansas City, where she was a special writer on the "Star," the foremost paper of that city. Ill health eventually compelled her to take up her residence in New Mexico, with her brother, who is connected with the Bear Creek Angora Goat Co., at Silver City, and it was in New Mexico that she met Professor Tinsley. While in Los Angeles she achieved the feat of interviewing Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, something never before or since accomplished by any American newspaper writer. Mr. and Mrs. Tinsley will make their home

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The Lyric Club will give the closing concert of their fourth season at Simpson Auditorium, Friday evening, June 12, at 8:15 o'clock. Those assisting will be Mr. William

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James chick, baritone; Miss Myrtle Quillet, harp; Miss Bessie Führer, violin; Miss Lucy Führer, violoncello; Mrs. Eva Young-Zobelein, Miss Edna Wenger, Mrs. Marie Sweet-Baker and Mrs. Ada Marsh Chick, organ, of the club. On this occasion the works of five local composers will be heard; Mr. Frederick Stevenson presenting his beautiful "Italian Serenade (sung by Mr. Chick and the club at a former concert,) and a brilliant new chanson séduisant. "In Rare Vienna" (also for baritone solo and chorus); Mrs. Abbie Norton Jamison's "Mammy's Lullaby" and "The Rose and the Moth;" Mr. Vincent Jenkins's "Spring, Come Then!"; Mr. Julius Albert Jahn's "A Prayer," and Mr. Henry Edmond Earle's "A Vision of Angels." Other important numbers will combine to make this concert distinctly the most varied and delightful of the season.

Robert B. Levy, who is perhaps better known to thousands in Los Angeles as Bob Levy, son of Al Levy, will be married June 7 to Miss Jeannette Schmidt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmidt, of San Francisco. The ceremony will take place in San Francisco. Miss Schmidt belongs to one of the leading families of the North. She is a niece of Maurice Schmidt, financier and former street railroad magnate. To say that everybody wishes "Bob" Levy and his bride all the happiness and prosperity in the world, is putting it mildly.

Comparatively little has been said in the papers about the approaching marriage of Miss Marion Churchill and Mr. David McCartney in the early part of June. The wedding will unite two of the best known families of Los Angeles, and two which belong to the real aristocracy of California. Arrangements for the wedding have been made entirely without ostentation, but it promises to be an elaborate affair. A thousand invitations have been issued for the church ceremony, but the number has been cut to the mystic "four hundred" for the reception which will follow at the Ebell Club House. All of which proves that even Los Angeles boasts a four hundred. The couple will take a wedding trip to Europe, and on their return will occupy the beautiful home which Mr. McCartney has built in Wilshire Heights.

During fleet week Mrs. Sam Schenck and her daughter slipped almost unnoticed into town, after a brief visit in London. Mrs. Schenck is quite as charming as ever, and has issued cards for her "at home" days at the Hershey Arms, where she is staying.

Mrs. Harold Fletcher Elliott, who was Miss Evelyn Prewitt, the "Belle of St. James Park," is visiting in Los Angeles, accompanied by her little daughter. Mrs. Elliott is being entertained by her cousin, Mrs. J. Harvey McCarthy, who was Miss Mary Paterson.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood and the Misses Wood and Mrs. W. H. Perry have returned from their San Francisco autoing trip, after stopping over two or three days each at Del Monte and the Hotel Potter.

Mr. Raymond Frisbie, son of Mrs. Ida Frisbie, entertained Wednesday afternoon at

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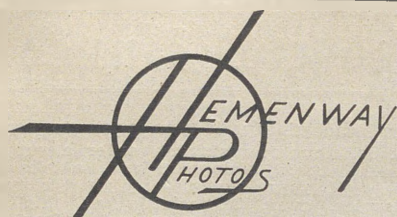
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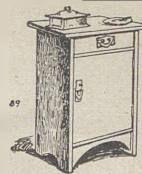
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On Tuesday evening Miss Ethel Wyatt gave a recital at Cummoek Hall, followed by a dancing party in honor of the senior class of the Girl's Collegiate School.

Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson entertained Thursday evening at their Chester Place residence in honor of Miss Constance Britt and Miss Marion Churchill.

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On the Stage and Off

Alice Treat Hunt, who made a brave fight against pneumonia but who was forced to give up last Saturday to the illness, is daily improving, and hopes to re-appear next week on the Belasco stage.

"The Truth," which occupied the Mason stage the earlier part of the week, was a play decidedly well worth seeing. Not alone in its verity and the remarkable cleverness of Clyde Fitch's lines did it deserve commendation, but in the well-balanced performance given it. There was not a poor actor in the cast, and for team work the company could not be excelled. Clyde Fitch writes with a knowledge of a woman's heart that is astounding. Usually he turns this knowledge into plays of superficial brilliance concerning the dear and fair sex, but in "The Truth" he delves below the surface, digging up the jewels of whimsical witticisms and epigrams, as well as the clods of dreary truths that are almost concealed with a Fitchian veneer. Scarcely a man or woman in the audience but said: "I know just such a woman as this Becky Warder"—and just such a Becky Warder as Katherine Grey portrayed so admirably. All the childish whims of Becky, her irresponsible love of admiration and irresistible winsomeness were voiced capitably by Miss Grey. One would expect Becky Warder's enunciation to be careless, but Miss Grey makes one mistake in allowing it to become slovenly. It is the one exception to be taken to a very artistic performance.

Robert Warwick is virile and wholesome as Warder. He handles his scenes with dexterity, and his voice is a delight in itself.

There was a hearty welcome awaiting Katherine Emmet Monday night, and hearty appreciation of the worth of her portrayal of a most ungrateful character. Perhaps it may not be construed as a compliment to Alfred Hickman to say that he looked the part of the caddish Lindon quite as faithfully as he acted it—but it is nevertheless true.

"The Truth" is a great play in its way; it has made more than one theatergoer, be he in box or gallery, stir uneasily and promise himself to tell the truth "without trimmings." Only in the second act does the drama become intense, yet it carries one along irresistibly to the end without losing a spark of interest. The plot is as plausible as stage limitations would allow, and as

played by Martin Beck's company, the drama is exceedingly good.

John Burton's quizzical creation of David Harum is once again illuminating the Burbank stage. Burton's personality is ideally fitted to the part, of which he makes the most. Blanche Hall and William Desmond play the conventional "Mary and John" lovers in the stereotyped manner, and Harry Mestayer, with a nose which looks as if it had been struck by lightning, is inimitably droll as Chet Timmons. Robert Morris makes his reappearance in the part of Dug, and H. J. Ginn sacrifices himself nobly on the altar of realism and gets a thorough soaking in a stage storm which rains real water. Next week Blanche Hall will be given an opportunity to don cavalier's attire in "Mistress Nell," a task which she can perform with rare grace.

Julius Steger returns to the Orpheum this week with "The Fifth Commandment," which is the sort of playlet that makes a great impression on the matinee girl. Mr. Steger's performance is enhanced by his sympathetic singing of "Castles in the Air." Carbreys brothers have an uncommonly good dancing turn; as does also Agnes Mahr, who is a most fetching Tommy Atkins. Only if all Tommy Atkins's were like Miss Mahr, what would become of bonny England. The Banks-Breazeale Duo have a turn appropriately described as dainty, which is refreshing. Alas for Marie Florence! Whatever merit her singing may possess is lost in the soul-torturing grimaces she affects. Perhaps if she sang in front of a mirror she would learn to remedy this defect. Cliff Gordon patters in droll fashion as the German politician, and Avery and Hart present a "darktown" act which is decidedly above the commonplace. Last, but not least, is May Boley. Her rendering of several "near-lady" songs is enjoyable—in fact, she deserves to be put in the Elsie Fay class. There is nothing out of the ordinary in this week's program, but it is warranted not to produce mental weariness.

It is not to be supposed that it is because of any sense of dignity that Willie Collier now writes his Christian name "William." The idea may have gone abroad that Mr. Collier, who will appear at the Mason Opera House next Monday night in "Caught in the

Rain," regards the diminutive "Willie" as out of accord with his present standing on the stage, but such is not the case.

"Whenever any of my friends call me 'William,'" said the actor, "I look around the room to see if they could be addressing anybody else. The name doesn't sound natural, and never will. I am still 'Willie'; always shall be 'Willie,' unprofessionally; but Mr. Frohman thought that William would look better on the billboards, and I felt that he was right, because I was afraid that the public might think I was still aspiring to figure as a boy wonder if I retained the pet name 'Willie'."

As a matter of fact, until very recently in his career Mr. Collier has been a boy wonder, and he isn't far out of bonds yet. To this day he would be inventing excuses to get off to the baseball games, if it were not for the fact that he feels his responsibilities.

At the mention of baseball the star is apt to grow reminiscent.

"Baseball came very near being the ruination of me," he tells his friends. "I have always been crazy about the game, and if I do say it myself—who should keep still about it—I can play some. I can't remember the time when I wouldn't turn heaven and earth to get to a game."

"I was call boy at Augustin Daly's theater in New York, when fourteen years old. One of my duties was to bring down the curtain, but that was only a minor item. My principal work consisted in reporting whether or not the players were in their dressing rooms and seeing to it that they had the proper warnings as to when it was their time to go on."

"On a certain day there was a game between the New York's and Chicago's, at the old Polo Grounds in New York. It was to decide the championship, and I simply had to be in at the final struggle for the pennant."

"John Moore, a fine old man, although somewhat feeble, was my father's friend and my immediate chief. By a strange coincidence, he was also stage manager of Wood's Museum when my father, Edmund Collier, was call boy there."

"I asked Mr. Moore if I might be excused after everybody had been called for the last act. He said that I might and then, I suppose, forgot all about it. I hustled things up as much as possible, skimmed ten

minutes off the time I had asked for, and rushed away to the Polo Grounds.

"Ada Rehan and John Drew were appearing in the play 'She Would and She Wouldn't.' The last act drifted along smoothly while I sat on the bleachers and hurrahed myself hoarse for the New York team. Mr. Drew and Miss Rehan spoke their final lines and waited for the curtain, but it didn't fall.

"The play had been satisfactorily wound up. There was nothing more to say, and the situation was embarrassing. Mr. Drew looked at Miss Rehan and Miss Rehan looked at Mr. Drew, then they both looked at the audience, and the audience stared back.

"This is awful," Miss Rehan gasped.

"The audience wouldn't even go home. It sat there and tee-heed, bound to see it out, if it took all day. Mr. Drew sidled over toward the orchestra leader, and with that peculiar twist of the mouth which we imagine ought to accompany a sotto remark, but which in reality only makes us more conspicuous, exclaimed: 'Play, hang it, play!'

"There was a burst of music, but still the

audience refused to budge, and only laughed the louder. Never were two amateurs more hopelessly confused than Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew. They didn't know what to do with their hands and feet, and they gazed longingly towards the wings, but lacked the courage to make a run for it.

"There were eleven people on the stage at the time, and one acute person divining after a few minutes had passed that something must be wrong, slipped off and looked at the place where I should have been. No one was there. He touched the bell, and the curtain dropped upon an awkward climax.

"Mr. Daly came rushing in from the front exclaiming: 'Where is William?' He was the only one who ever called me William.

"When he learned that I was at the ball game, anyone who knew Mr. Daly can supply the remarks that followed. They wound up with 'Don't let him in tonight.' I'm through with him!"

"Only for the charitable intervention of Mr. Drew, I should never have succeeded in being reinstated in Mr. Daly's good graces."



Mason—Charles Frohman will present William Collier at the Mason Opera House, for one week beginning Monday, June 1, in "Caught in the Rain," which is said to be one of the funniest farce-comedies of the season.

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LAST TIME SUNDAY OF

"The Girl of the Golden West"

BEGINNING MONDAY

"Before and After"

Regular Belasco prices prevail. Every night, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 75c.

Burbank—"Mistress Nell" dons doublet and hose at the Burbank this week.

Belasco—It has become dangerous to announce anything but "The Girl" at the Belasco, but if she decides to disappear, "Before and After" will be the offering.

Los Angeles—"How Baxter Butted In," which will be the offering at the Los Angeles this week, will serve to allow the former Grand Opera House patrons another glimpse of many of their old favorites.

Orpheum—Nellie Florede and the English Rockers, a singing and dancing act that has been much discussed in the East, is the headline number on the Orpheum bills for the week of June 1st. Seven young women headed by Nellie Florede appear in the act, which is said to have many sensational features. The Bedouin Arabs, favorites of past seasons, return with new and sensational additions to their acrobatic repertoire. Shields and Rogers, a pair of Colorado cowboys, have recently come to the front as vaudeville favorites. They are expert in all the games and tricks of the cowpuncher, and should give the Orpheumites a good quarter of an hour's entertainment. Bessie Bulpin

makes her first vaudeville appearance. Miss Bulpin has frequently been heard in concerts here, and is already an established favorite. From the present program there remain Julius Steger in "The Fifth Commandment," May Boley, Agnes Mahr, and Avery and Hart.

Fischer's—Fred Gambold has arranged a clever comedy for the Fischer players next week in "The Flying Trip." The plot has to do with the efforts of Herb Bell, cast as a wealthy German brewer, to escape from the clutches of the law for a technical and minor offense. His political friend, played by Willis West, attempts to "fix things," but as a "fixer" proves a dismal failure. The brewer is sent to the workhouse, but eventually effects his escape. Miss Bessie Tannehill will be the brewer's wife, and Nellie Montgomery a servant in their home. Evan Baldwin is a jail attendant, and Fred Gambold a German, also in trouble. Miss Bessie Tannehill sings "Get the Money;" Nellie Montgomery, "I Want to be Loved Like a Leading Lady," and Fred Gambold, "Dear Sing Sing." Evan Baldwin has another solo, "Bye-Bye, Dearie." Oaks and Rahn provide the vaudeville act.



MAY BOLEY, AT THE ORPHEUM

In the Musical World

There is to be a genuine welcoming home of Lark Ellen at the Auditorium on Friday evening, June 5. We are to hear once more our own charming Southern California singer, who after her great success at the Metropolitan Opera House has been singing her way into the hearts of large and enthusiastic audiences from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. There is probably no other artist in either America or Europe who can sing the mad scene from "Lucia" like Ellen Beach Yaw, and when she sings those old-fashioned songs, "Home, Sweet Home," "Deserted," "Annie Laurie," we are ready to acclaim her the "Queen of Singers," and pay homage to the California nightingale.

This will be the only appearance in concert of Lark Ellen before she leaves for grand opera engagements in Vienna. Her own company will assist her, and an old-fashioned reception will be held on the stage after the recital. The complete program follows:

(a) Romance; (b) Moto Perpetuo (Ries)—Mr. Nowland.

Mad Scene "Lucia," flute obligato (Donizetti)—Miss Yaw.

Kol Nedre (Max Bruch)—Mr. Nowland.

(a) My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair (Haydn); (b) Marquise (Massenet); (c) Vogel im Walde (Taubert)—Miss Yaw.

Concerto D Minor, andante, allegro moderato (Wieniawski)—Mr. Nowland.

(a) Saper Voresti Un Ballon Maschera, (Verdi); (b) Caro Nome, Rigoletto, (Verdi)—Miss Yaw.

(a) Romance (Svendsen); (b) Aubade (d'Ambrosio).

(a) Evening, Ambroise Thomas; (b) Deserted, violin obligato (MacDowell)—Miss Yaw.

Home Sweet Home—Miss Yaw.

One of the coming musical events will be the dual concert given by Mr. and Mrs. Becker at Simpson Auditorium on Tuesday evening, June 9, followed by a matinee Saturday, June 13. Herr Becker, who stands at the head of his profession as a pianist of acknowledged ability, has not been heard in recital for some time, and his appearance will be hailed with acclaim. Mrs. Becker as Otie Chew made her debut in Berlin in 1903, with a recognition of press and public most flattering in this great musical center, being voted a violinist of unusual talent, with a well-nigh perfect technique. A tour of the principal cities of Germany followed, where the most unstinted ecomiums greeted her at every hand. Muenchner Nueste Nachrichten says: "Otie Chew displayed an astonishingly comprehensive understanding of music, a beautiful large tone and an imposing, clean and solid technique."

"The Crusaders" will be sung by a mixed chorus of 125 voices under direction of Prof.

J. B. Poulin at Simpson's Auditorium Thursday evening, June 4.

"The Crusaders" is one of the most powerful as well as beautiful of the modern cantatas. It was written for performance in Copenhagen in 1886, and ten years later was produced at the Birmingham Festival, under the composer's direction. It is divided into three parts, and its story may be told in a word. Its theme is the same as that which Wagner has treated in "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser,"—the conflict of the human soul with the powers of darkness, sensual beauty and sorcery, and its final triumph. It is the story of the temptation of Rinaldo d'Este, the bravest of the Crusaders, by Armida and her sirens, who at last call upon the Queen of Spirits to aid them in their hopeless task, the thwarting of the powers of evil, and the final triumph before Jerusalem.

The first part opens with a chorus of pilgrims and women in the band of the Crusaders, expressive of weariness and sufferings they have endured in their long wanderings, the end of which still appears so far away. As the beautiful music dies away, the inspiring summons of Peter the Hermit is heard, leading up to the Crusader's song,—a vigorous, war-like melody, full of manly hope and religious fervor. An evening prayer of pious longing and exalted devotion closes this part.

The second part is entitled "Armida," and introduces the evil genius of the scene. A strange, mysterious orchestral prelude indicates the baneful magic of the sorcerer's wiles. In a remarkably expressive aria, Armida deplures her weakness in trying to overcome the power of the cross. As she sees Rinaldo, who has left his tent to wander for a time in the night air, she calls to the spirits to obey her incantation:

Cause a palace grand to rise,
Let a sea before it glimmer.
In the walls of richest gold
Let the purest diamonds shimmer;
'Round the fountain's pearly rim,
Where the bright sunbeams are glancing,
Plashing low and murmuring sweet,
Set the merry wavelets dancing.
In yon hedge of roses where fairies rock in softest dreaming,
Fays and elfins bid appear, and sirens float in waters gleaming.

All around let music ring,
Fill the air with sweetest singing;
Lure them on with magic power,
To our midst all captive bringing.
Sing remembrance from their hearts,
Till they bow, my will fulfilling;
Make them every thought forego,
Every wish, save mine own, stilling."

After another invocation of the spirits, the sirens appear, singing a sensuous melody. Then begins the temptation of the wandering Knight. He starts in surprise as he hears the voices rising from the waves, and again they chant their alluring song. They are

followed by Armida, who appeals to him in a seductive strain ("O Rinaldo, come to never-ending bliss"). The Knight joins with her in a duet of melodious beauty. He is about to yield to the temptation, when he hears in the distance the tones of the Crusaders' song. He wavers in his resolution, Armida and the sirens appeal to him again, and again he turns as if he would follow them. The Crusaders' song grows louder and rouses the Knight from the spell which has been cast about him, and the scene closes with a beautifully concerted number in which Rinaldo, Armida, the chorus of Crusaders and of sirens contend for the mastery. The fascination of the Crusaders' song is the strongest. The cross triumphs over the sorceress, and in despair she sings,—

Sink, scenes illusive, deep in dark abyss of doom!
The light of day is turned to blackest night of gloom.

The third part, entitled "Jerusalem," is religious in character, and mostly choral. In rapid succession follow the morning hymn with beautiful horn accompaniment, the march of the Pilgrims full of the highest exaltation, the Hermit's revelation of the Holy City to them, their joyous greeting to it, Rinaldo's resolution to expiate his offense by his valor, the hermit's last call to strife, their jubilant reply, and the final victory:—

As our God wills it. Up, arouse thee!
Up! yon flag with hope endows thee.
Jerusalem! the goal is there.
We ery aloud, "Hosannah!"

The soloists will be Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, soprano; Mr. Abraham Miller, tenor; Mr. Edmond S. Shank, bass.

Arrangements are being completed for the twelfth season of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra to continue its work under broader lines for the coming year. At a meeting of the orchestra board the place of holding the concerts was decided upon, continuing at the Auditorium. The first concert will take place Friday, November 13; the second, Friday, December 11; the third, Friday, January 8; the fourth, February 5; the fifth, March 5, and the sixth, April 2. Harley Hamilton was unanimously selected as the Director for the ensuing year, and appropriations were made for \$250 additional funds for the purchase of new compositions and orchestrations of the works of the old masters to add to the symphony library. Several admirers of the symphony organization have lately contributed orchestrations to the symphony library; a move in the right direction, and a custom which prevails in London.

The season ticket price for the coming year will remain the same, although the price for single admission will probably be raised. The offices of the organization will remain in rooms 344-5 Blanchard building. Mrs. Hugh MacNeil was elected president; Mrs. J. S. Chapman, vice-president; Mrs. J. O. Koepfli, treasurer; Miss Victoria Witmer,

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secretary; while Mrs. John G. Mossin, Mrs. William G. Kerekhoff, Miss Myra Hirshey, Mrs. H. L. Story, Mr. Fred L. Walton, Mrs. James Slauson, Mrs. Albert Solano and others constitute the board of directors. The standard of the selections will be raised, the number of players augmented, the program notes made more extensive, and at least two eastern soloists will be engaged. Several novelties are to be introduced, and at least one organ concerto with orchestra accompaniment presented.

The musical situation for next season means an early beginning, owing to the fact that some of the best artists must be seen on the Coast before the beginning of grand opera in the East. It is not yet settled whether any of the grand opera organizations will come West this season, but from the fact that there is not a suitable place in San Francisco to present grand opera except by going to the Chutes Theater, and no place in Los Angeles which is available owing to stock organizations at the Auditorium, and the Shrine Temple yet without a stage, the big guarantees required cannot be assumed by the Coast manager. Consequently Mr. Behymer is doing the next best thing and securing the best soloists of the opera organizations early in the season, and using a number of such artists to close his year after the spring season closes in New York. There is a possibility of Madame Melba coming some time early in the year. It is positive that Mme. Marie Rappold, Josephine Jacoby, Ricardo Martin and Signor Campanari will open the musical season on the Coast early in October. This will be the first time a quartette as high grade as these artists have toured in this section of the country in grand opera trios and duos and solo work. Emilio de Gogorza will in all probability open the symphony season as soloist for that organization, November 13. Everybody is keeping out of the road the week before election and election week. That Los Angeles is to have an A1 choral organization is practically assured, and when their final announcement is made it will prove a genuine surprise to the lovers of good music. It will number the best male and female voices in the city, including many well-known local soloists and choir singers, and already a number of the business men have come forward advocating a pretensions musical festival in the month of May, similar to those held in Salt Lake City and Cincinnati, in conjunction with either the Victor Herbert



ELLEN BEACH YAW, IN CONCERT

Orchestra or the Pittsburgh Orchestra, all under the able management of our local impresario. This is as it should be, and means much to the musical progress of Los Angeles.

One of the pleasing musical events of this season will be an offering by Henry Ohlmeier and his famous Coronado Tent City Orchestral Band in a program of classical and popular music to be given at Simpson Auditorium on Tuesday evening, June 16. This will be the first opportunity of the musical public of Los Angeles to hear this great solo organization, introducing several new players not yet heard upon the Pacific Coast. Most of the members of this organization have been gathered together from Sousa's Band, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Innes Band, the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, the Pittsburg Symphony and other well known eastern organizations. Invitations to this event may be obtained by addressing Mr. L. E. Behymer, 344 Blanchard Hall. Admittance only by special invitation.

The College of Music, University of Southern California, announces a piano recital to be given by Miss Clara Jacobs of the senior class, Tuesday evening, June 2, in the College chapel. She will be assisted by the Ladies' Quartet, Miss Loise Leonard, Miss Mabel Cleveland, Mrs. Hattie Holmes, Miss Marion Kimmell. The public is invited.

Among the Artists

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

A private view of Mr. Du Mond's superb paintings was given in the Blanchard Galleries last Wednesday evening, which was opened to the public the next day, Thursday, May 28, and will continue for two weeks. The subjects are "Rome Amusing Itself," "Lygie," and "Combat Between a Rhinoceros and Tigers." In all Du Mond's work he expresses greatness, a masterly quality, which comes from a painter of superb strength and force, rare in any artist. But when we can couple it with invention, expression, composition, drawing, magnificent coloring and handling we have every-

thing to be desired. Take, for instance, the battle between the huge rhinoceros and the tigers; the tremendous triumphant massiveness of the rhinoceros so full of action, power and majesty; and the cat-like suppleness of the tigers in that formidable battle of ferocious and powerful animals, so full of horror and superb savage grandeur! What force! What strength! What action! All expressed in that one subject so marvelously and correctly rendered. One is timid of going too close for fear of becoming entangled in that fight to the death where man would be as helpless as an ant. This artist is not

only a master in depicting wild savage beasts, with all their infuriated energy aroused to its utmost; but he is also equally strong with the human figure, delighting in giving us in all its truth the savage tendencies of past ages, as in "Rome Amusing Itself," which is well expressed. We see a young maiden chained to a maddened beast, which has no doubt, been infuriated to frenzy, and is ready to dash itself with all its enormous strength and force full against the wall of the arena in the hope of ridding itself of its lawless burden. The awful, terrified expression, not only

of the face, but of the whole body, of the maiden, who realizes that with another bound of the animal she will be dashed to death, and her body maimed and mangled beyond recognition, is superbly rendered. What fear! what terror! is expressed in that face, and through the whole body. There is fine draughtsmanship, the anatomy being so difficult in its most strained and agonized expression, that of maddened fear combined with violent action. It would seem impossible to attempt anything more difficult, or accomplish it more successfully. The whole scene is rendered more awful when we see through the bars of a gate in the wall of the arena a roaring lion, which is enraged and infuriated at the sight of blood and the general excitement. And how amusing to the Romans, who are evidently enjoying these awful, blood-curdling scenes with immense pleasure as depicted in the expression of their faces! In the other painting we see an enormous bull, which has lashed to him, a woman who has fallen head-downward and is now limp and insensible on his back. The animal is still for a moment with the exception of the lashing of his tail and the evident pawing of his fore feet, showing he is preparing for another horrible stampede that will this time evidently free him of the victim. What more masterful than the drawing and pose of that defiant and infuriated animal? Every hair on the tip of his tail even, expresses his defiance, standing there for but a moment to catch his second breath and defying all comers. And the female figure hanging limp, again a magnificent piece of draughtsmanship. The foreshortening of the lower half of the left leg is proof of this artist's knowledge of the human figure. His understanding of color is shown by his choosing a rich yellow

scheme in which he is compelled to use every pigment and variation of yellows to carry out the necessary changes, grades and depths of yellows and yellow oranges; as the artist must always keep in mind the effect the predominance of any one color will have upon its contrast or opposite. Nothing will test an artist's knowledge and his power of color sense like this; for instance, as illustration, in the sky in the painting, "Lygie," one is impressed with the fine quality of blue, in perfect value and tone with the rest of the painting. An artist would be tempted, in his dissection of the work, to find out with what blue it was painted; the truth is, there is not a particle of blue there, it is simply grey. But such is the optical illusion with which the well trained artist is familiar, and which he is prepared to meet at once, that it not only resolves itself in the question of pigment, but also of value and tone. Of course, in some cases it is extremely difficult to battle with, and will call forth not only all our knowledge and resources, but will also demand long and large experience. But we have represented in this exhibit only one side of this powerful and imaginative artist. Those who have had the good fortune to see Du Mond's "Christopher Columbus," representing him as exposing his plans and projects to the Council of Salamangue, have been deeply impressed by the tremendous strength and executive power of its author. The forceful figure of Columbus was so full of strength and dignity, as he stood undaunted before the sneers, disbelief and ridicule of the monks. The masterful intelligence depicted on Columbus' face, was interpreted by his listeners as lunacy. This painting was wonderful in its diffusion of light, color and drawing. Another of his prodigious canvases was "Clotilde Traveling through the forests of Gaul." This painting, one of extraordinary beauty and conception, showed the artist's great care for historical exactness in every detail, the most trifling one receiving the same earnest care and study for perfection from every point, as did the great important parts, showing him to be both an indefatigable worker and an untiring student. His "Hagar and Ishmael" exhibited here last June, was bought by the Jonathan Club. With all the wealthy clubs in the city and the outlook for a permanent art gallery, surely these paintings now being exhibited should remain here, and the opportunity now presents itself for a body of wealthy men to combine together and give a commission for a painting of the historic invasions of the Spaniards into this section of the country. The idea is one that could never be overestimated from an historical point of view. Its subjects would offer an inexhaustible fund of material to work upon, and with an artist so marvelously well adapted to this class of work, it would seem to be the greatest culpable negligence not to advance such a project. Let none miss the opportunity of seeing these three paintings at the Blanchard galleries.

Joseph Greenbaum has finished the splendid portrait of Miss Horace Smith, and it is a great success. It is the largest portrait canvas by this artist, being three quarter length, showing the figure full size. It has a splendid color scheme, good drawing and composition. The sitter is in a light blue costume,

one of the most difficult color schemes that could have been chosen, but nevertheless wonderfully successful. It is to be hoped that Mr. Greenbaum will be able to obtain permission to exhibit it in the next available showing. Another excellent canvas by this artist is of Mr. Rex Slinkard, really a marvelous bit of work, and reminds us of an old master; a splendid portrait, showing a keen appreciation and understanding of all the underlying and subtle qualities of personal character, so well caught and expressed by this artist; that indefinable something that distinguishes each from the other, that makes each one different; the expression which is the reflection of the innermost spirit, that is momentarily shown, to be as quickly withdrawn. To catch this fleeting and illusive something calls forth the artist's deepest powers. He or she must also have that large understanding of all that makes the component part of the human being. When we look at the Rex Slinkard portrait we are met with the full realization of how well this illusive quality has been caught and registered. Mr. Greenbaum has just been awarded another important commission, that of painting the late Francis Murphy, the celebrated preacher and reformer. The artist is confronted with a most difficult task, that of painting from photographs, but all concerned have the utmost confidence in what the result will be. This artist has varied his labors with occasional outdoor sketching, for which he has a strong aptitude, making some delightful sketches and studies that are not only beautiful in themselves, but of immense value as records for further important work. Many unsophisticated people foolishly criticise, through ignorance, these sketches and studies as a man's serious work; they do not seem to know the difference between a sketch or a study and a finished painting.

Ralph Mocine, an artist of strong ability and earnestness, will be the next to exhibit in the Blanchard galleries, on or about June 15. Mr. Mocine is a native of Oregon, and strictly a native son of the West Coast, where so many strong and powerful men have attained to greatness in the arts. He has only recently returned from an extended tour abroad, staying sometime in Paris for study, association and experience; traveling from there to Holland, Belgium and later to Spain and Italy; in all of these charming countries making many splendid sketches and studies that are of inestimable value to the artist. These will be of much interest to the public for more reasons than one; first, they are gems of their kind, and second, will illustrate to the layman and amateur critic how a man studies, and keeps his impressions that are expressed in his own individual manner. To the initiated, they will also illustrate what a man is aiming for. This artist is working part of the time at illustrating, devoting the other days to sketching from nature. Some of this work, the more pretentious, of local scenery, will be shown. From the fact that Mr. Mocine is a great admirer of the Barbizon school, and more especially of Daubigny, for whom he has a great admiration, we shall see nature interpreted through an aspect modified by the expression of this particular school. In all his work he is broad

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and simple, with a surety of touch that declares the man who knows what he is doing, and the ultimate aim for which he is reaching. Mr. Mocine expresses his love for art in more ways than one, and his collection of fine and rare old volumes collected in Rome and Paris prove him to be a great student.

The Los Angeles Architectural Club has just closed its second annual exhibition, which was held at 718 South Spring street. Some of the worthy drawings shown were from the offices of Parkinson & Bergstrom, Robert D. Farquhar, Greene & Greene, Hudson & Munsell, Myron Hunt and Elmer Grey, Train & Williams. It is to be deplored that most of the fine perspectives of buildings shown by architectural firms did not have the signature of the one who actually made the drawing. There were two exceptions, one made by Norman St. Clair, dated 1902, and another signed, so small and insignificantly that it was hard to discern, by Jos. A. McCarroll, 1907. The one who actually makes the drawing and works out the architect's ideas should certainly have credit for his work, as seven-tenths of the firm architects cannot make their own colored perspective drawings and have to

engage special artists for it. The exhibition as a whole was fair. Mr. Calder had some interesting casts of his sculptural work there. Some good wood carving by Miss Rutherford and a specially good corbel bracket carved by Mr. Schreiner, which showed great spirit in design and modeling, with exceptionally good cutting.

The writer was asked several weeks ago why it was so difficult to gain admission for exhibition in the Royal Academy. He cited the instance of Miss Thompson, who tried hard for eight successive years; finally the "Roll Call" was accepted, the Prince of Wales, now king, buying the picture. On two occasions it appears her paintings had holes put through them, evidently done to discourage further attempts at gaining admission. And on account of this atrocious method being practiced on a large number of strong men they have at last organized the Allied Artists' Association, which has made a sensational start by engaging Albert Hall facing Hyde Park, that superb building built in memory of Queen Victoria's husband, Prince Albert, that has been the home of music and the rendezvous of royalty for the last thirty-five years. The whole of that

tremendous building has been taken, and the opening will be one of the great occasions of the century, for King Edward has consented to open it officially. To further aggravate the Royal Academy, the Allied Artists' Association comes boldly to the front and invites any artist, no matter how insignificant, providing his work is meritorious, to exhibit. This association also abolishes the "secret jury" system which ruined so many reputations. There will be no selecting jury whatever. Each artist may send five of his pictures for exhibition, and these works, if desired, will be grouped together. And every picture will be practically "on the line." A large number of Americans are already availing themselves of this opportunity.

The Kanst Art Galleries are being enlarged and every effort put forth to make this one of the best and most important galleries in town for the exhibition and sale of pictures.

Mrs. Helma Heynsen Jahn, the portrait painter, has removed her studio from the Blanchard Building to Geo. J. Birkel Company's Building, 345 South Spring street.

Autos and Autoists

BY JACK DENSHAM

What ho! The Rubber Men's picnic. "Was it a success?" said some vandal to me. I replied that I guessed it was. Success is hardly a term to apply to the results of such an institution. When a bunch of the best fellows in the world get together and find each other; when they forget business and think only of how they can add to the enjoyment of the next man, it is vandalism of the worst kind to use the same term as one would apply to the miserable daubing of some high-hung camel-hair pusher or the maudlin plaudits attendant on the flaringly staged evolution of a public-pandering playwright. That picnic was GOOD, and I think that is the word to use. It was the finest exhibition of what common sense and good-fellowship can do to bring people together that I ever want to see. The minute a man forgets that he is in business and is fighting like mad to pay the grocer, when he remembers that he was a kid once on a time and shelves the passing years for a day with his fellows, then some of those supposedly winged people up in the region of the fore-top-mast skyscrapers look down and smile a large, genial, earthly smile and play a little rag-time on the golden harp. That good Saint Peter chuckles and yells for the clerk of the latest ledger. "Ho Sirrah," quoth he, "For the preachers and the ranters, for the money-grabbing missionary and the bazaar collectionist, for the aproned servitors of ourselves and Time, for them I say a blank page today. Here we have a collection of the most ordinary of mortals; they have come together and they laugh as God meant them to laugh, from their goodly stomachs; they jest as would please a surgeon under the knife himself, they are out in the air that the Master has made for all purity; they quaff from cups blessed by the lip of friendship; they run; they scamper; they are but children. Ho Clerk, I say, single them out and

daub thy frantic pages with many good marks. And, hark ye here Sirrah, and ye let me forget but one of their smiling faces when they do present themselves for earned admittance, 'twill be a sorry time for thee." And so we have the kindly approbation of Saint Peter and Jack Densham. What more do you want? Eh, what?

But to tell about it all. I arose at the remarkable hour of five bells and reached Broadway and Main in good time. A few cars were there, and some rubber men were looking round to see where they could put people. Harry Mason was Johnny on the Spot with a large bunch of flags and the official badge, which I regret to state was a trifle too large to act as an eye-glass. Presently I espied Siddie Kendal in a seven-seater Frayer-Miller. I hailed him and stated that the English should get together for purposes of self-preservation. The genial Duke of Manchester agreed with me and offered me a place in the air-cooled grass cutter. Arrived then Jack Keogh, sailor man and dilettante. To offset him we had the latest aspirant to heavy-weight honors, one Van Doozer. The latter took the front seat while Jack and I held down the subsidiary seats. Behind us were two visitors who were anxious to reach the location of activities in good time. One of them was Mr. Young of the market of that name and his friendly assistant. Siddie said that we should get there in good time. He was right; we did get there in good time. Out Washington and across to Adams, down the hill past the cricket club and then across to the Boulevard, we sped like a streak of lightning. Old Mother Ocean greeted us with a soft touch of briny air and we turned down the hill into the canyon.

We found where a number of other machines were ranged in front of a little

school house. I thought this was the most appropriate sign of the day. The good Lord knows we were kids let out of school. After we had stalled the machine in the right place we discovered a big sign which said "Water Wagon, Rubber Men's Pic-Nic." This was placed on the side of a large auto truck, an Atlas, by the way, and coming from the Woodill place. There were many greetings, and then I heard a stentorian voice yelling that the pump was in. This sounded a remarkable statement until I discovered that it was one McDevitt, who has the honor to be the partner of the only Pat Doyle. The pump he referred to was an air pump, which was expected to force the amber liquid from the confining cask. Jack Keogh said: "Jack, let us taste the flowing bowl and then get busy." We tasted and then we certainly did get busy. It was up to us to do things, and the question was "what to do?" Jack suggested cartoons, but we had no drawing materials. Then we skirmished and found a whole roll of cheese-cloth intended for table covers. Here was the canvas, but what for pencils and brushes? Easy enough, there were two big sacks of charcoal and we picked out several lumps with nice sharp points. The first idea was Jack Keogh's. We made a big cross on the canvas and captioned it thus: "Center of Gravity." This we hung 'way up in the boughs of an oak tree. We expected the arrival of Billy Ruess and then we intended to conduct him there with a large delegation of wise ones and show him what he has been seeking for three years. Then followed something about shock-absorbers, with a reference to one Scott of Hercules fame. Guy West got his with a picture of a light-house and a jingle about Presto-lite. Mel Nordlinger was properly represented and we passed on to Bill Newerf, and then to as many others as we had time to caricature before lunch

was called. I say "We," but it was Jack who did the work, and my part consisted principally in holding the cheese-cloth down and hanging the resultant effort with baling wire between the trees at the back of the tables.

Meanwhile they were practising baseball in front of the school house. There were some fair flies to the left field, which was boundaried by the water wagon. That left out-fielder had a fine time. After he had found the ball it was his business to fetch back two glasses, one for the pitcher and one for the batter. About this time somebody discovered a piano anchored out under the trees. It was carried to the neighborhood of the tables and a rough platform was erected close by. Near the piano a ring was formed and Van Doozer threw in a set of gloves. Guy West had just defeated the third of the "All-comers" when a noise was made representing the dinner gong. Barbecued steak that melted in the mouth, potatoes, pork and beans of the sixty-seventh variety with ale that tasted like the original Sack and large consignments of the proper sauce collected on the way down and during the wait for lunch.

After everybody had had plenty to eat there was some speechifying, not too much, just enough to let us remember what we were there for. "Pop" Newerf, Bill's father, was the toast-master, and he made a hit with me. He was never prolix, and always to the point. He spoke cleverly about the benefits of such a gathering to the game and the business. Then he called on some of them to talk. There was plenty of wit and plenty of laughter. About this time Jim Morley arrived with Jim Jeffries in his car. Sixteen men tried to drag the big man down to the tables to make a speech. Jim opened his arms and the sixteen men fell down like nine-pins. But he was persuaded to say something, finally. That enormous mass of muscularity erected itself on a bench and opened its mouth. There issued a rock-raising roar and through the cataclysm we recognized the words: "H—ll, I can't make a speech." The naive way in which it came out was excruciatingly funny, and everybody roared with delight. Jim may not be an actor, but he knows how to make a hit all right.

And then there was another baseball game and some races, in which fat and thin men worked off their lunches. There was all kinds of fun and everybody enjoyed themselves, but, alas, I had some fish to fry in town and so I regretfully clambered up the side of the canyon and took the car back to business and everyday life. Gee, but it's good to see a bunch of kids together and be one of them!

Now we have the races today (Saturday) and tomorrow at Agricultural Park. I hope they will come off well with plenty of entries and a large crowd to watch. At the time of writing (Monday) there have been enough entries to assure plenty more coming in later on. The main event on Saturday will be the fifty-mile free for all race and the Sunday event will be the century race, also free for all. In each case the main events will be the last on the program. With five events on Saturday and four on Sunday it looks as though the program is attractive enough and should bring out

quite a bunch of enthusiasts. These race meets are good for the game and well worth seeing so it is up to us to butt out there and make the thing a success. Here is the program:

Saturday, May 30, 1908.

First Event—Three miles. Runabouts, \$900 and under.

Second Event—Three miles. Touring cars, \$1600 and under.

Third Event—Five miles. Touring cars, \$1601 to \$2500.

Fourth Event—Five miles. Touring cars, \$3501 up.

Fifth Event—Fifty mile race. Free for all.

Sunday, May 31, 1908.

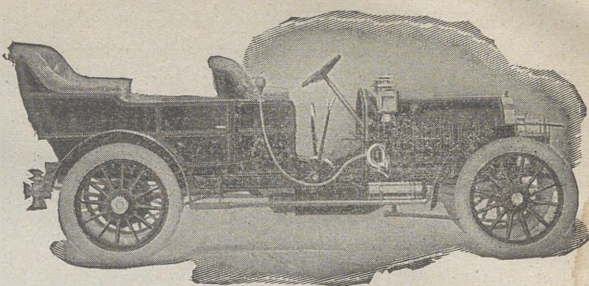
First Event—Five miles. Free for all roadsters. (Under this class a roadster may have either single or double rumble seat, or no rumble whatever.)

Second Event—Five miles. Touring cars, \$2501 to \$3500.

Third Event—Five miles. Cupid race.

Fourth Event—One hundred miles. Free for all. (First century race ever held on the Pacific Coast.)

The Portland race has been postponed so Danny Kuhl must wait a little longer for his chance. Never mind Dan, you will be there with many different chimes when the starter says "Go." Bill Batchelder is a trifle worried to know when the actual date of the race



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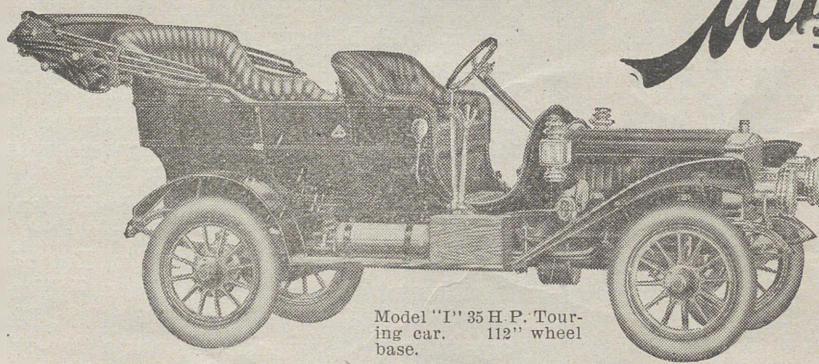
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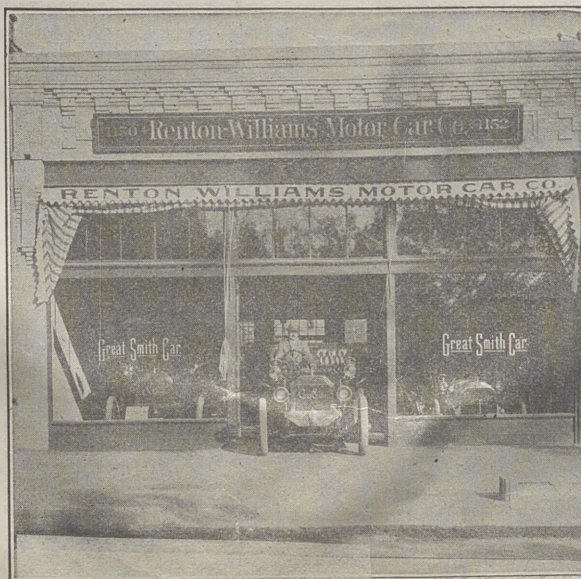
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is; he was equally worried lest I should jingle about him any more. He called loudly on the gods for the power to lick me. I trust that he will never start for I am not a fast sprinter. I have an awful temptation to hand out another one to the genial Bill. But I am scared. Later on, perhaps when he is in Portland, I shall tell in jingling verse of the glories of the latest thing in summer vests.

Some time ago I mentioned a certain Britisher by the name of Montgomery as connected with the York Pullman agency. He has been so very decent recently about taking me around in his car that I hate to

perpetrate the following, but I cannot refrain. We had a date for a ride last Sunday, and I blew into the garage arrayed in the latest style of over-alls in order to assist in the replacement of the clutch. (Notice that word "assist"—you know the force of the French word "assister," it means to look on or be present). I found the oil-be-grimed Scotchman lying on his back emitting sounds of Gaelic profanity.

The Gaelic Gear Replacer.

Extended at length he lies on the floor,
His back on the chilly cement,
And, while he is trying to fix the machine
He utters this Gaelic lament:

Hoot man, the dommed thing's fey,
She canna fix it noo,
She's but a fechtless lad the day,
Thol' dhreel, Roderick Dhu.

I spoke very kindly in accents quite mild,
I bade him arise from the floor;
And, when I recited the following lines,
He made a quick rush for the door:

Hoot mon, the dommed thing's fey,
But I can cure it too;
For I've a basket hid outside—
It holds some Roderick Dhu.

Bill Ruess gave me a good excuse for not being at the picnic last Saturday. He said they had a veritable bargain day around the Maxwell agency. In other words they sold five cars and Bill had no chance to get away. Also he gave me the names of the purchasers so that I know it was no mere excuse. As I prophesied, Bill has found his "metier" and is doing fine work with the two-cylinder runabouts. He has a desk up near the front of the show-room where he can see who is coming in and I fancy that Bill lets few of them get out without the good old deposit being left behind. He tells me that there is a record from San Diego to Escondido that beats the one claimed by a White of two hours. Charlie Kessler, the San Diego agent for the Maxwell car, took a two-cylinder runabout over that distance in 1 hr. 46 mins. Well, that is very good. Let us have a little excitement over the record from San Diego to Escondido. This road includes the Scripps grade and it takes some driving to make fast time round those corners.

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Financial

By ALBERT SEARL, STOCKS AND BONDS, 301 UNION TRUST BUILDING

Savings bank loans are once more popular among institutions that specialized such transactions prior to seven months ago, and financial conditions are again about normal, as far as Los Angeles is concerned. This does not mean that real estate is active once more, or that mercantile business is as it was a year ago. What here is meant is that sanity apparently has returned to most of us, and, barring the unforeseen, every pessimist who enlisted under the muck-raking banner last October, either has served his time in the army of discredit or has been mustered out—discharged ahead of time.

The local security market continues actively healthy, with standard stuff selling at excellent prices. Attempts to swing Los Angeles Home Preferred higher than \$50 have failed, although the stock continues firm just under that figure. It may be manipulated higher.

Union Oil is a bit weak, due to profit taking. Bank stocks continue soft, in spite of all efforts to harden these securities.

Purchase United States Long Distance, at present prices, as a guaranteed investment.

The Edison issues are in demand, and

good bonds are absorbed as rapidly as offered, always, of course, at prices that show up attractively to investors.

Oil shares of known quality continue to find a steady speculative market.

Usually I have anything but commendation for the mining end of the stock game, as those who have followed this may have recalled from time to time. I desire to boost a bit just here, however. The exception is the entirely frank and straightforward statement published by the management in charge of Johnnie Consolidated. I know nothing of that property

Stearns
Motor Cars
WM. J. BATCHELDER & CO.
12th and Main

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Statement at Close of Business, February 14, 1908.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts\$ 9,512,260.02
Bonds, securities, etc. 2,699,852.33
Cash and sight exchange 4,302,876.44

TOTAL\$16,514,988.79

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock\$1,250,000.00
*Surplus and undivided profits 1,496,163.29
Circulation 1,250,000.00
Bonds Borrowed 145,000.00
Deposits 11,873,825.50
Other liabilities 500,000.00

TOTAL\$16,514,988.79

*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., May 6, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Frederick R. Miner of Los Angeles, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz.: Homestead Entry No. 11285, made March 2, 1907, for the E. 1/2 of the N.W. 1/4 and the N.E. 1/4 of the S.W. 1/4 Section 26, Township 1 S, Range 18 W., and that said proof will be made before Registrar and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on July 1, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, the land, viz: J. R. Shaw of Norwalk, Cal.; Geo. A. Cortelyou, of Los Angeles, Cal.; W. D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal.; A. C. Connar, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
May 30—5t. Date of first publication May 30-'08.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.

LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, California, April 16, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Charles E. Gillon, of Santa Monica, California, has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11025, made March 1, 1906, for the S.E. 1/4 of Section 29, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver, at Los Angeles, California, on June 11th, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: J. W. F. Diss, David D. Partin, John H. Schumacher, Los Angeles, Cal.; G. G. Bundy, John U. Henry, Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
May 9-5t. Date of first publication May 9-08.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,

Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., April 16-08.

Notice is hereby given that James R. Shaw, of Santa Monica, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11097, made April 30, 1906, for the Lot 1, Sec. 34, Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, Sec. 35, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at Los Angeles, Cal., on June 19, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: Stephen Strong, Ray Strong, Norwalk, Cal.; F. R. Miner, Santa Monica, Cal.; S. A. Thompson, Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
May 9-5t. Date of first publication May 9-08.

intrinsically. But the statement in question is so different from others I have seen, that it left nothing to be desired. All the information in possession of the management was freely given to those most in need of it—the company's stockholders—at a time when most of us believed there would be nothing doing along that particular line.

On June 1 the Bank of Los Angeles and the Miners and Merchants Bank will consolidate. The officers will be: President, W. B. Ames; vice-presidents, John A. Pirtle, W. S. Collins, F. E. Fay and D. F. Hill; cashier, Addison F. Lytle. The board of directors will include seven members from the Miners and Merchants and four from the Bank of Los Angeles.

At the annual meeting of the Los Angeles Investment Company the capital stock was increased to \$2,500,000, and the following directors and officers were elected: Charles A. Elder, president; Charles Cassat Davis vice-president and counsel; W. D. Deeble, secretary; G. M. Derby, treasurer; R. H. Morse, cashier; J. D. Foss, assistant secretary; A. P. Thomson, associate counsel.

The Globe National of Globe, which closed its doors November 4, has been rehabilitated and will pay all depositors in full. The capital is \$50,000 and surplus \$7600. The officers are: W. A. Holt, president; A. G. Smith, cashier; Patrick Rose, A. W. Sydnor, E. M. White, Fred C. Griffith and J. J. Keegan, directors.

Bonds

N. W. Harris & Co. have bought the \$30,000 issue of Santa Monica school bonds, paying a premium of \$716.

The Los Angeles Trust Co. has bought the issue of \$15,000 of El Monte school bonds, paying a premium of \$143.

Hollywood citizens are moving for a new city hall. A bond issue of \$40,000 is proposed.

N. W. Harris & Co. have bought the school bond issue of Tucson, Ariz.

Fullerton will soon vote on a bond issue to install a municipal water system. The plant will cost from \$25,000 to \$40,000.

The First National Bank of Riverside has bought the \$6500 issue of the Coachella school district.

John Nuveen & Co. of Chicago have bought the \$20,000 school bond issue of Rhyolite, Nev.

The \$7000 issue of the Palo Solo school district, Los Angeles county, will be sold by the supervisors on June 8.

Bishop, Ariz., has decided to issue bonds for a new high school district.

We recommend the purchase of Home Preferred, Home Common, Home 1st 5's U. S. Long Distance, Central Oil, Union Oil.

FIELDING J. STILSON CO.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION,
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 11, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that William D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal., who, on February 1, 1907, made homestead entry No. 11250, for the E. 1/2 S.W. 1/4, S.E. 1/4 N.W. 1/4 and S.W. 1/4 N.E. 1/4 Section 23, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., on the 17th day of July, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: E. A. Mellus, 214 S. Bay, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Frederick R. Miner, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Joe Hunter, of Calabasas, Cal.; A. W. McGahan, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
May 30—5t. Date of first publication, May 30-'08.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., March 31, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Richard P. Hanson, of Sherman, County of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No.—, for the purchase of the S.E. 1/4 of S.E. 1/4, of Section No. 13, in Township No. 1 S., Range No. 20 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, California, on Tuesday, the 9th day of June, 1908.

He names as witnesses: Thomas J. Moffett and Perry W. Cottler of Sherman, Cal.; Marion Decker and Ernest Decker of Los Angeles, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 9th day of June, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Apl.4-10t—Date of first publication Apl.4-08.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., March 19, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory, as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Charles E. Gillon, of Santa Monica, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement for the purchase of the lot No. 4 of Section 33, in Township No. 1 S., Range No. 18 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on Wednesday, the 10th day of June, 1908.

He names as witnesses: J. W. F. Diss, John Schumacher, D. D. Partin, of Santa Monica, Cal.; A. W. Marsh, of Los Angeles, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of June, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Apl. 4 9t. Date of first publication Apl 4, '08.

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Below is shown result of tests made by City Gas and Meter Inspector, William Schade, of gas furnished by the Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company and City Gas Company, for week ending May 23, 1908:

	HEAT UNITS		CANDLE POWER	
	L. A. GAS	CITY GAS	L. A. GAS	CITY GAS
May 18	625	602	18.7	18.1
May 19	631	606	18.9	18.2
May 20	665	612	19.9	18.4
May 21	650	637	19.5	19.0
May 22	647	632	19.4	18.9
May 23	647	628	19.4	18.9
Daily				
Average	644	619	19.3	18.6

The above is the official test of the Gas and Meter Inspector of the City of Los Angeles, and not that of a paid employee of our company.

Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company

645 South Hill Street

Both Phones Exchange 3.

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Summer of 1908

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July 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 28 and 29; August 17, 18, 24 and 25.

Chicago	\$72.50	New York City..	\$108.50
St. Louis	67.50	Boston	110.50
Omaha	60.00	Philadelphia	108.50
New Orleans	67.50	Baltimore	107.50
Kansas City	60.00	Washington, D.C.	107.50
St. Paul	73.50	Montreal	108.50
Minneapolis	73.50	Toronto	94.40
Memphis	67.50	Houston	60.00

Besides many other points.

Louisville, Ky., June 9, 10 and 11.....\$78.05
Cleveland, O., June 22-28 82.65
Long time limits.

Choice of Northern or Southern Routes.

Go one way; return another.

Ask for information at City Ticket Office

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